

FIFTY CENTS

MARCH 22, 1971

TIME

An Actor's Art: Rage Beneath the Surface



**George C.
Scott**

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Nicky K., age three, drank a bottle of furniture polish.
A telephone number saved his life.



The poisoning took place in Tyngham, Mass.

The number belonged to a poison control center 135 miles away.

But what if Nicky's parents didn't know it existed?

What if they had to waste precious minutes frantically searching through phone books before they could even attempt to reach it?

And what if they needed

something more than advice over the telephone — like a doctor or ambulance?

At Metropolitan Life, we are working to keep all those "what if's" from becoming "if only's."

In many communities, we're distributing emergency kits with lists of numbers that can make the difference between life and death.

It's part of a 45-year-long

effort on our part to show people how to avoid emergencies, and how to handle those that are unavoidable.

Because accidents will happen.

And when they do, what people don't know can hurt them.



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We sell life insurance.
But our business is life.

ARE YOU IN THE MARKET FOR A HARDTOP?

Every Volvo has six steel pillars holding up the roof. Each one is strong enough to support the weight of the entire car.

Of course, this kind of strength isn't built into a Volvo just so it will hold up a lot of cars.

Volvos are built strong so they'll hold up a lot of years. Exactly how many we can't guarantee. But we do know that in Sweden Volvos are driven an average of eleven years.

Are you sure you're in the market for a hardtop? Or is what you really want a hard top?



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The First Freedom:

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LETTERS

Sharing the Search

Sir: Your cover story on James Taylor [March 1] was a delight. The Taylors personify the sort of torment and genesis of the young today. I am pleased that they are sharing their search with us.

MIKE OTIS
Fulton, N.Y.

Sir: Here we go again. All the prerequisites for musical success are outlined there—confusion, insecurity, alienation, drug affliction. How ironic that this morass of self-pity is to be preferred over adult hang-ups. Oh, for the shaggy innocence of *I Want to Hold Your Hand!*

LARRY TYLER
Lawrence, Kans.

Sir: Your article infuriated me, but hard rock is far from dead. And the more adults—and magazines like *TIME*—who plan on its funeral, the less likely it is that there will be one. Adults have a terrible record when it comes to predicting trends in pop music.

BETH ANDERSON
Albuquerque

Sir: James Taylor sings only too well the epitaph of a generation that has ridden too high for too long.

RANDY JANNEY
Portland, Ore.

Sir: I am not sure whether to thank you for your article on James Taylor or to cry about it. All the references to his joy of privacy mean nothing, since by doing the spread you are violating that joy even while you write sympathetically about it.

KATHLEEN WICKERT
Alexandria, Va.

Sir: We who live rock 'n' roll do not need your straight press to tell us who our superstars are. The country is full of competent professional musicians, of whom James Taylor is one.

I enjoy "bittersweet and low" rock once in a while, like after a lot of good hard funky rock 'n' roll. Tell Mr. Bender to turn up his headphones and listen to the heavens—if he can hear them.

CONRAD N. DE GENNARO
Springfield, Va.

Sir: Your genealogical garden
Grows quite contrary
Because you have omitted
Peter, Paul and Mary.

BOB LAMBERT
Williamsport, Pa.

Chaste Ideals

Sir: As an incorrigible sentimentalist and advocate of the antiquated fundamental values of human life, I resented Gerald Clarke's distasteful parody [March 1] on a rare, decent book. Must all the chaste ideals left for us to hold sacred be indignantly slandered in this manner when there exists such a preponderance of depravity yet to assail?

SUSAN E. LELLI
Arlington, Va.

Sir: A bestseller may be a bit of a sob story or perhaps even related to the soap opera. Yet *Love Story*, in its Pollyannish way, does seem to be a purgative of

sorts. Your parody, on the other hand, may be "a bestseller bested" or it may be pure pollutant.

(MRS.) SUSANNAH P. LOCKE
Milwaukee

Sir: I didn't care all that much for Seagal's version, but yours was infinitely worse.

BERT BILSKY
Milwaukee

Sir: What can you say about a man who takes the No. 1 marshmallow, sob story of the year, and turns it into a one-page masterpiece? I'm surprised it didn't happen sooner.

PAM CLOUSE
Garden Grove, Calif.

Giving Up the Forest

Sir: Are you so sure that the tranquility described in "The Cooling of America" [Feb. 22] is not the result of activity rather than frustration or fear?

The students are out individually and in small groups committing themselves to the ideas and ideals that have been voiced so strongly in recent years. They are showing that individual effort can do what bureaucracy will not or cannot do. They have given up the forest for the trees.

KATHLEEN WILSON
The Bronx

Sir: I think you are both premature and extremely shortsighted to proclaim the demise of student activism and the crumbling of the counterculture. There may be a new mood, but I do not feel that it is that of a dying revolution. A revolution can take different forms. Your article seemed to be a generalized, superficial treatment of a movement that includes a thousand different individuals.

Try probing a little deeper. Not all of us fit into statistics.

MICHAEL MERRILL
Cincinnati

Sir: Make no mistake about it—along with the cooling there is an accelerated simmering. At last we are quite ready to support our children to the fullest when they say "Hell no, we won't go!"

ANN T. PETRO
Northfield, Ohio

Sir: It is only a surface cooling that we are witnessing. Underneath is a seething volcanic mass of resentment against war, crime, poverty, pollution, drug addiction, inflation, etc.

When this volcanic mass of resentment again erupts, let us all hope it will be constructive instead of destructive.

ELMER N. STUTZGER
St. Louis

Hustling to the Chase

Sir: The enthusiasm generated by the possibility of a four-day work week [March 1] is evidence of the great American misconception: that happiness and fulfillment can be purchased through material goods and leisure time. The four-day work week is really saying: "I don't like my job. It is too dull, or too hectic, or whatever. Let me finish it as quickly as possible and get on with something I enjoy."

What we ought to be searching for are ways of life and occupations that embody what we like to do. This could



Founder Major William Grant and grandson.

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Today, after four generations, we Grants still follow the Major's advice. We're still a family-owned and family-operated business. And we still watch to see that Grant's 8 Scotch is carefully aged for eight years to assure the smooth, light, balanced flavor that's enjoyed by millions.

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Today, modern medicine has learned how to take care of almost any illness you might get.

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If you've got heart trouble, you see a cardiac specialist. If it's your lungs, a pulmonary man. Your nerves, a neurologist.



But who do you turn to, to look after your health day in and day out, to help see that your little illnesses don't become big ones?

The family physician, formerly known as the general practitioner or GP.

But today, believe it or not, that kind of doctor is virtually a dying breed. Today only 15% of our practicing physicians are in family practice.

It isn't that today's medical students don't want to go into family practice. On the contrary, many of them do.

Sad to say, their medical education is what turns many of them away from it, toward the other specialties.

Today's med student spends his first two years of med school in the classroom, learning basic medical science. He has almost no contact with patients. Then in his last two years, he works with patients. But they're hospital patients, already sick with a specific illness. So the young doctor begins to get used to treating sick people, with fairly serious illnesses, using complicated and costly hospital equipment.

By the time he's ready to decide what kind of doctor to be, he's already headed away from family practice. He's had no experience caring for people with minor illness, outside a hospital setting. And the people he's studied with, and come to admire the most, are surgeons, neurologists, internists.

What we need to do is change our medical education system so that it doesn't discourage students from going into family practice. After doing basic classroom work, students should have a chance to study, and do their internship and residency, with a family doctor.

They could work with him, in his office in a community, and learn about family practice from someone who understood it and was devoted to it.

Of course, only specially certified doctors would be allowed to teach in that situation. There would have to be strict controls on what

the physician's assistant would be allowed to do.

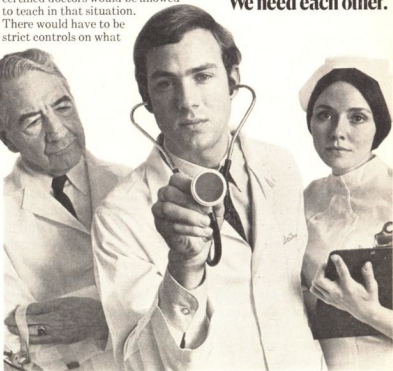
Such a change will bring its own problems, of course. Hospitals will have to learn to get along without some of the interns and residents who work for them now. They'll have to learn to make better use of the talents of the people they already have.

And each of us will have to get used to seeing assistants working side by side with our family doctor. If we have one.

But however difficult it may be to change the system, it'll be well worth it.

After all, once you have a good family doctor looking after you, there's a good chance your heart, lungs, and even your nerves, will be quite able to look after themselves.

We need each other.



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Idyllic country scenery begins just a mile or two beyond Amsterdam's city line.

A year of tension melts away in ten minutes when you visit Amsterdam first.

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Yes, the rumors are true. That taxi you take to Surprising Amsterdam from the airport is a Mercedes—carpeted, upholstered, luxurious. Close by, the pastoral scenery is as soothing as a lullaby. How sad that as you settle back in comfort, your fiercely honest Dutch driver whisks you away by the least expensive (and less romantic) superhighway route.

The charming back roads. Why not return tomorrow for a short, delightful drive along the Amstel? Head toward the village of Oudekerk, and *this* time, take one of the narrow country lanes that run along both river banks.

Soothing sights. You'll begin to notice Dutchmen relaxing as much as you. You're bound to spot a pensioner or two fishing by the Amstel's banks. A pleasure boater waving from the stern of his craft. Lovers on bicycles pedaling among the trees. Even an indolent lamb, placidly studying a creaking windmill.

A "gezellige" inn. Now is a good time to enjoy what the Dutch call the *gezellige* life. (Rough translation: "cozy.") Stop at a little inn. If there's the slightest chill in the evening air, you're almost certain to find a fire crackling in the tile fireplace. Take a comfortable chair and order "frambozen," a delightful raspberry liqueur. Feel the tension oozing out of your bones. Promise yourself to come back again next year.

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My travel agent

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We want to be the first to welcome you.



PARIS HILTON

"Our stay here [my wife and I] has been one that we both will never forget and will boast of for many years to come. This establishment will come highly, very highly recommended by me always.

I look forward to returning."
Mr. Paul V. Neal, Brooklyn, N.Y.

What will you like most about the Paris Hilton? Perhaps dining and dancing in our "Le Toit de Paris." Maybe the prompt way our concierge gets you reservations at Parisian nightclubs. Or maybe the good feeling of staying in a Parisian hotel on the Left Bank with all the Hilton luxury. Paris Hilton—you'll find a lot of reasons for coming back.



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at a Hilton International
you'll find your own reasons
for coming back.

BRUSSELS HILTON

"For nine hours I'd been arguing with French and German businessmen and when I got back to your hotel I was collapsing. But room service couldn't have been faster and even the room made me feel better by giving me that beautiful view."

Patrick H. King
Detroit, Mich.

What will you like most about the Brussels Hilton? Perhaps the view from your room of the city spread out like a living map. Maybe the fascinating internationals who gather to enjoy fine steaks at "La Maison du Boeuf." Or our fine location, only 10 minutes from the city's cultural center. Brussels Hilton—you'll find a lot of reasons for coming back.

For reservations call your travel agent or Hilton Reservation Service.



give us seven days a week of fulfillment, rather than four days of hustling spent to pay for three days of chasing after "the good life."

BRUCE F. HISCOCK
Remsen, N.Y.

Sir: I was interested in Jerry Goucher's enjoying his four-day week by "cramping in everything on Friday—dentists, doctors, shopping."

Has he made plans for the time when dentists, doctors and retail-store clerks may decide that they are as entitled to three-day weekends as are wheel finishers?

HARRY M. REYNOLDS
Grinnell, Iowa

Denial

Sir: Delta Air Lines is deeply concerned about your story "The Hero Calley" [Feb. 15]. It depicts Lieut. William Calley as someone who, in recent weeks, has become the recipient of numerous favors and gratuities. It relates that Delta's Columbus, Ga., station personnel have "wired ahead for VIP treatment."

We have checked the matter with our Columbus station personnel. They have denied that they have ever given or requested VIP treatment for Lieut. Calley.

Delta has never authorized preferential or VIP treatment for the lieutenant.

JAMES L. EWING
Manager, News Bureau
Delta Air Lines, Inc.
Atlanta

Wry and Squinchy-Eyed

Sir: We were rather proud to have Artist John Marin [Feb. 22] among us as a resident of Cliffside Park, N.J., when I was

MOVING?

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Miss / Mrs. / Mr.

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Come visit the Hiltons in Hawaii. X

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Air conditioning is probably the furthest thing from your mind right now, but in a few months you'll wish you had one of those wonderful little boxes that turn sweltering rooms into cool paradises.

Well, if you act right now, you can get one for about \$30 less than it'll cost you then.

And these aren't last year's leftovers we're talking about. But brand new 1971 Whirlpool air conditioners.

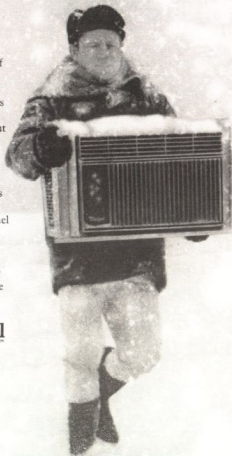
There's the 9500 BTU (115 volt) unit for only \$199.95* — with Insta-Mount so you can install it yourself.

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No matter which one you choose, you'll get a decorator panel that not only looks good but muffles sound as well. An air exhaust that gets the stale air out. And an air-directional control to direct the air wherever you want it.

True, you may feel a little foolish buying an air conditioner right now. But in a few months, when everybody's paying more than you did, you'll feel absolutely brilliant.


Whirlpool
CONDITIONER



*Prices optional with dealer. Includes one year service.

a roving reporter for the *Palisadian* back in the days of Harry Truman.

At one period, I was assigned to John Marin and came back to our grubby little office rather dazed by what I had seen in the no-nonsense studio and by the personality of the artist. I was particularly impressed by the fact that this immensely gifted man made his own frames and took pleasure doing it. A year later, when Marin was cited "the greatest living" and so forth, I did the inevitable follow-up.

My first question was, naturally: "How does it feel to be the greatest living American artist?" He looked wry and squinted as he replied: "If America can stand it—I can."

MAURICE FRANZ
Alburtis, Pa.

What It's About

Sir: "People here care about you" stands out in your tongue-in-cheek article on Schuyler Hall [March 1], because that's what it's all about, isn't it, whether you are a "swinging Columbia student" or wear a tie for dinner?

Caring is what we sing about, write about, talk endlessly about—and do nothing about. Schuyler does. Its students dare to do, and to be free of the mindless conformity of non-conformity.

MARY E. COOK
Sharon, Mass.

Sir: I suppose the day had to come when normal students leading a sane, healthy life would be labeled conservatives, and their home, in this case Schuyler Hall, compared with a cloister. May we freedom-lov-

ing Schuylerites rise up in protest against such flip comparisons, while still shunning "radical activism?"

JOHN E. SOLARSKI JR.
Director
Schuyler Hall
Manhattan

Abandoned

Sir: Contrary to what you said in your article on the Duvalier dynastic plans, "Enter Mama Doc" [Feb. 22], the first and legal wife of Max Dominique was paid no money whatsoever. On the contrary, she was stripped of her property, deprived of any possibility of earning a living in Haiti, until she had no choice but to leave the island. She left alone. Her two children had been taken from her.

The first Mrs. Max Dominique lives modestly in the U.S. She is a beautiful young woman of intelligence and quiet dignity. She has not seen her children in five years, nor has she heard from them.

ZELDA POPKIN
Rockville, Md.

No Grip

Sir: Steam fitters everywhere can be thankful that the writer of the item on apprentice examinations [March 1] has nothing to do with writing those exams.

A monkey wrench is not a pipe-working tool because the inside of its jaws are smooth, and it cannot grip pipe. A Stillson wrench has the serrated jaws and toggle action needed to grip pipe.

ROBERT S. EWART
Hot Springs, Ark.

Only in the Classroom

Sir: Laffer's reasoning that businessmen and consumers will spend every cent they get their hands on [Feb. 22] works only in the 72nd comfort of his classroom. After the worst inflation in 20 years, retail sales do not indicate that consumers are spending every cent they get. Just as business is being given a tax decrease in the form of accelerated depreciation, so also should consumers get a tax cut. Then they will regain their confidence and start spending again.

SAMUEL B. GARBER
Greensboro, N.C.

Everybody Pays

Sir: President Nixon's health care proposals seem a little more sane than those of Senator Kennedy. If we must have some form of subsidized medicine [March 1], a \$3 billion outlay seems quite preferable to the Senator's \$50 billion proposal. Besides, with the Nixon plan, everybody pays at least a little. The Government giveaways have got to stop.

JOSEPH P. MARTIN
Rockville, Md.

Sir: Taking many of the inequities within the health industry for granted, the problem often centers on one thing: Americans, given the choice, would often rather pay to repair their car or TV than themselves.

JONATHAN L. STOLZ, M.D.
Philadelphia

Address Letters to TIME, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



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4 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine
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Long Distance rates coast to coast

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If you do

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This is the rate for that call if you do dial it yourself without operator assistance. Similar savings on calls to other out-of-state points and at other times when you dial the calls yourself.

Dial it yourself and save

Examples of Long Distance rates for station-to-station coast to coast calls

	Operator-assisted calls	Dial-direct calls	Your discount when you "dial it yourself"
Weekends	8 a.m. to 11 p.m. Sat. and 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sun. \$1.40 first 3 minutes	70¢ first 3 minutes	70¢ first 3 minutes
Evenings	5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Sun. through Fri. \$1.40 first 3 minutes	85¢ first 3 minutes	55¢ first 3 minutes
Nights	11 p.m. to 8 a.m. daily \$1.40 minimum call (3 minutes)	35¢ ¹ first minute (minimum call)	\$1.05 on the minimum call
Weekdays	8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Mon. through Fri. \$1.85 first 3 minutes	\$1.35 first 3 minutes	50¢ first 3 minutes

Rates shown (plus tax) are for the days, hours and durations indicated on station-to-station calls. Rates are even less, of course, on out-of-state calls for shorter distances. Dial-it-yourself rates apply on all out-of-state dialed calls (without operator assistance) from residence and business phones anywhere in the continental U.S. (except Alaska) and on calls placed with an operator where direct dialing facilities are not available. Dial-direct rates do not apply to person-to-person, coin, hotel guest, credit card, and collect calls, and on calls charged to another number.

¹One-minute-minimum calls available only at the times shown. Additional minutes are 20¢ each.



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TRIM-JEANS

The Amazing Space Age Slenderizer that is so sensationally effective it is . . .

GUARANTEED TO REDUCE YOUR WAIST, ABDOMEN, HIPS AND THIGHS A TOTAL OF FROM 6 TO 9 INCHES IN JUST 3 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED

THIS SUPER NEW PRODUCT IS PRODUCING SUPER NEW SLENDERING FOR A HOST OF MEN AND WOMEN. HERE ARE JUST A FEW:

MRS. GERRY ROSE: "Trim-jeans actually remade my figure in just 3 days. Imagine, in just 3 days, I lost 2½ inches off my waist, 2 inches off my tummy, over 3 inches off each thigh and 4 inches off my hips! This adds up to a total loss of 14½ excess inches."

DAVID MEDEIROS: "Just 3 days on the trim-jeans program and I trimmed off 13 excess inches: 5 inches from my waist, 4½ inches from my abdomen, 1 inch from my hips and 2½ inches from my thighs. No dieting—and my appearance has improved 100%."

MARK EDWARDS: "I spent just a few minutes a day for 3 days on the trim-jeans program and reduced my waist, abdomen, hips and thighs a total of 12½ inches. To me the most personally rewarding and satisfying change occurred on my waistline—which actually went down 4 full inches during the 3 day program—from 35½ to 31½! This is certainly the simplest, easiest, most straight forward way of trimming-up the physique that I've come across. There were no diets involved and the inches have stayed off."

JEAN WENNERSTROM: "I lost 7¼ inches in just 30 minutes the very first time I ever tried the trim-jeans. I used them for about the same length of time on the next 2 days and lost 8¼ inches more for a total loss of 16 inches in just 3 days. I lost 4½ inches from my waist, 3½ inches from my tummy, 2½ inches from my hips and just under 3 inches from each thigh. The inches have not come back and my entire figure is now firm, slender and well proportioned. The overall improvement in my appearance has been absolutely dramatic!"

GARY COOVER: "I get my physique into excellent shape . . . tighter, firmer and 10½ inches trimmer with these great trim-jeans. It took just a few minutes a day over the 3 day period during which I lost 3½ inches from my waist, 3¼ inches from my abdomen, 1½ inches from my hips and a total of 2½ inches off my thighs. Terrific results . . . a terrific product!"

TRIM-JEANS—THE SPACE AGE SLENDERIZER WITH RESULTS THAT ARE OUT OF THIS WORLD. The trim-jeans are a marvel of ease, comfort and efficiency. Once you have slipped them on, you are ready for the most astounding experience in rapid slenderizing you have ever known. Only trim-jeans has the unique features of design, including the exclusive super sauna-lock that permits the constant snug fit and solid support in all 4 areas—waist, abdomen, hips and thighs—without which truly sensational results are not possible. We recommend that the trim-jeans be used a few minutes each day for 3 days in a row when you first receive them and then several times a week until you have achieved your maximum potential inch loss. After that, for maintenance you can use the trim-jeans about twice a month or as often as you feel the need.

THE MOST REVOLUTIONARY GUARANTEE IN SLENDERIZING HISTORY. So many users of the trim-jeans obtain "instant reducing"—are inches slimmer, inches trimmer in from just 1 to 3 sessions with this super slenderizer—are actually losing as much as a total of 7 or more inches from their waists, abdomens, hips and thighs in just 1 session and up to 16 or more inches from 3 sessions. This principle produces really fantastic results. There may be variations of speed and/or degree of results due to individual differences in metabolism and body response. Not everyone may lose 7 inches in just 1 session and 16 inches in 3 days but remember this: No matter what your metabolism, no matter what your body type, if you do not lose a total of from 6 to 9 inches from your waist, abdomen, hips and thighs in just 3 days, you may return the trim-jeans and the entire purchase price will be immediately refunded.

THE AMAZING TRIM-JEANS TAKE OFF INCHES WHERE THEY NEED TO COME OFF. Your trim-jeans are designed to give you just the reducing effect you need where you need it . . . and the price of the trim-jeans is just \$13.95 and each pair carries a FULL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Here is the

slenderizer supreme—trim-jeans—which we sincerely believe to be the easiest, fastest, most convenient, most sensationally effective waist, abdomen, hip and thigh reducer ever discovered—with the most revolutionary guarantee in slenderizing history. So if you want trimmer, slimmer, sleeker measurements and you want them now, send for your trim-jeans today.

Here is how it works:



Mark Edwards, after putting on his trim-jeans, is inflating them with the handy pump provided. He is now ready to perform his "Magic Torso" movements, an exercise program designed specially for trim-jeans.



After a few pleasant moments—about 10 minutes or so—doing his "Magic Torso" movements, Mark is now relaxing for an additional 20 minutes, keeping his trim-jeans on. That is all there is to it.



Then Mark removes his trim-jeans and is amazed and delighted by his results. Mark lost 2½" from waist, 2" from abdomen and a total of 3" from hips and thighs—for a total measurement loss of 7½" in just one brief session.

TRIM-JEANS, P. O. Box 3084, Dept. T-12, San Francisco, CA 94119
 Same Belt trim-jeans along with complete easy to use instructions, including the "Magic Torso" exercise program, understanding that I will not lose a total of from 6 to 9 inches from my waist, abdomen, hips and thighs in just 3 days. I can get that trim time return.
 For each pair of trim-jeans and complete instructions I enclose \$13.95.
 (No COOPs)
 Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐
 If you desire RUSH Air Mail, add \$1.25 for each trim-jeans.
 Man/Woman's Waist size _____ Hip size _____
 Please send me _____
 including the trim-jeans _____
 Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

\$2,350*

The whole idea of a station wagon is to have a car that can haul things. Even big, clumsy things. Any station wagon that makes it hard to get those things in and out is missing the point. That's why our wagon is built the way it is.

There are five doors on the Datsun wagon, and three of them lead to the load compartment. That's more accessibility than you'll find on a lot of other wagons in our price range. Even more than on most panel trucks.

We wouldn't have it any other way. We don't believe in cutting down on necessities like those two extra doors. In fact, we don't even believe in cutting down on the non-necessities. Fully reclining bucket seats, for instance. And disc brakes, and nylon carpeting, tinted glass, even whitewall tires. They're all standard equipment. They're all part of the deal at \$2,350.* So if you want a wagon with accessibility try this:

Drive a Datsun... then decide.

And the two extra doors don't cost a thing.



DATSUN
PRODUCT OF NISSAN

*Plus tax, license, local freight, dealer preparation. Specifications and price subject to change without notice.

Good mileage and fewer emissions —they can go hand in hand



Did you know that many things you can do to your car to improve your mileage will also reduce exhaust emissions?

It's mainly a matter of how completely your engine burns gasoline. The more completely, the less gasoline you need to drive a given distance — and the less partially burned gasoline is left over to come out into the air as exhaust emissions.

Keeping your engine in tune is probably the most important thing you can do to help.

A properly tuned engine can burn gasoline more completely. This can lead to a substantial reduction of both carbon monoxide and unburned hydrocarbons — and it can be good for your mileage as well.

Over half of all cars on the road need a tune-up. If they all got one, total exhaust emissions in the U.S. would be reduced significantly (and in most cases the effect on mileage would be favorable).

If your car is hard to start, runs rough or falters during acceleration, the chances are it needs a tune-up.

If your car hasn't had a tune-up in the past 12 months, you can be almost certain it needs one.

Please get a proper tune-up.





America's favorite cigarette break.

Benson & Hedges 100's Regular or Menthol

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
March 22, 1971 Vol. 97, No. 12

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

The Krakowski Formula

The ruinously high cost of running for political office in the U.S. tends to sabotage the democratic process. Polish-born Mathematician Martin Krakowski, a private consultant in Washington, has an idea that might not end exorbitant campaign spending but would at least keep every candidate nervously honest.

According to the Krakowski formula, every paid political advertisement on TV or radio or in print would have to be accompanied by a report of how much the ad cost and how much the candidate had spent to date on political spels. Thus: "The following announcement was purchased by the Gerry Mander for Congress Committee for \$1,800. Total television expenditures for Candidate Mander as of 10 p.m., Oct. 6, 1972, are \$121,500."

The inequity between rich and poor candidates would continue. But by anchoring every political flight of fancy to the crass facts of money, the Krakowski formula would be a form of truth in packaging, a modest destroyer of the adman's theatrical illusions where-by so many candidates are elected.

Nixon's Growing Family

One of Richard Nixon's first organizational reforms when he took office was to place all White House staffers on the White House payroll rather than permit the traditional practice of hiding them away on the lists of other bureaus and departments. Thus the acknowledged size of his staff grew from 250 permanent positions in fiscal 1970 to 533 in 1971, with the budget increased from \$3,900,000 to the present allocation of \$8,000,000.

Granting that some of the rise is a matter of simple candor, the White House staff has still grown with a startling rapidity. The President's various lieutenants now spill from the White House to the Old Executive Office Building next door, to the New Executive Office Building across the street. For several months, White House reporters have badgered Press Secretary Ron Ziegler to make public a full list of the White House staff, but none has yet been made available. When it is issued, the roster will include, among others, Special Assistant Roger E. Johnson, a discreet businessman whose job is to act as liaison between Nixon and his old friends. "Some friends," says Johnson, "have been advised that if they have a problem—or just want to talk—to call me. Their problems will reach his [Nixon's] ear." For such service, Johnson earns around \$30,000.

Fangs a Lot

Four times in the past year, John Fretwell's air-conditioning equipment company in Dallas was broken into and robbed. Fretwell took to renting a Doberman pinscher watchdog for weekend duty, but at a weekend, the protection itself seemed little better than petty larceny.

Then Fretwell went up to Oklahoma a month or so ago for a snake hunt, and he brought back what may be the ultimate in burglar protection: seven diamondback rattlesnakes. During business hours, he cages the snakes in the window of his business office, labeled with a sign: DANGER: SNAKES BITE. At night, before going home, he frees the 5-ft. rattlers to glide around the premises. In the morning, armed with a hooked stick and a burlap bag, he rounds them



AWAITING COURT CALL IN PHILADELPHIA

up. There were a few uneasy days when one snake disappeared—it turned up later snoozing in a dark corner—but the rattlers seem to be working like a charm against burglars.

When news of Fretwell's protection service spread, the Dallas fire department served notice that Fretwell's place could burn to the ground before a fireman would step inside, and City Hall eventually found an ordinance against keeping snakes uncaged inside the city limits. None of which bothers Fretwell. He and his partner have even gone out on other snake hunts and brought back about 100 rattlers to protect their business acquaintances. As a matter of fact, says Fretwell, "I heard about a fellow who's tinkering with a cobra." Presumably, Dallas burglars should now pack a concealed mongoose instead of a .38.

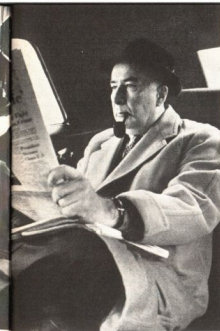
Underclassmen

One hypothesis has it that today's middle- and upper-middle-class youth are romantically willing themselves into an underclass, thus perhaps opening opportunities for the rising and ambitious children of blue-collar workers. Anyone who reads the latest report of Harvard College's Office for Graduate and Career Plans must at least entertain the possibility.

In the Harvard College class of 1970, says the report, 18% of the graduating seniors were undecided what to do after graduation, against 4-6% in 1964-67. The proportion of students intending to go to graduate schools dropped from 74% in 1966 to 46% in 1970. While the idea once seemed willfully eccentric, a number of Harvard graduates are going into manual trades or becoming clerks or driving cabs—doing anything to grasp that "real life" from which they feel culturally separated. Against the traditional American grain, at least some are choosing downward mobility.



FRETWELL & ONE OF HIS RATTLESNAKES



MITCHELL ON WAY TO HILL



NIXON REVIEWING FIFE & DRUM CORPS IN WILLIAMSBURG, VA.

President Nixon's New Look at Justice

IN its first two years, the Nixon Administration often approached the problem of lawlessness in American life with a constabulary zeal that moved many critics to warn that the country faced an era of repression. "I am first and foremost a law-enforcement officer," said Attorney General John Mitchell in 1969. "Law-and-order" often did seem to take precedence over social reform. The Administration pushed such police tactics as stop-and-frisk, no-knock and preventive detention, and stressed the need to liberate the nation's cops from the shackles of liberal Supreme Court decisions that protected the rights of criminal defendants.

Now both the emphasis and the rhetoric have changed. The language of legal reform has replaced draconian appeals. "By reforming criminal justice in America," Mitchell said recently, "and attacking the environmental roots of crime, we may dare to look toward an enlightened day when we will need fewer, rather than more prisons, police stations and even courthouses."

Sweeping a Flood. In an address last week before a national conference on the judiciary at Williamsburg, Va., the President elaborated that theme. In restrained tones, Richard Nixon cast the weight of his office behind the gathering campaign to reform and refurbish a vast judicial system that too often is itself an agent of injustice. It was a curious if temporary blurring of the traditional separation of powers—and a measure of the urgency of the problem—that not only Mitchell but also Chief Justice Warren Burger read the President's speech in advance and made suggestions.

Nixon listed the problems of ramshackle judicial machinery: unconscio-

nable delays in criminal cases, overcrowded prisons, court calendars clogged with trivial cases. "All this," he said, "sends everyone in the system of justice home at night feeling as if they have been trying to brush back a flood with a broom." Ultimately, Nixon argued, "the goal of changing the process of justice is not to put more people in jail or merely to provide a faster flow of litigation. It is to resolve conflict speedily, but fairly." In one of the few suggestions of his earlier rhetoric, Nixon declared: "Justice dictates not only that the innocent man go free but that the guilty be punished for his crimes." Later Mitchell carried the idea a step further, suggesting that there should be a "predictable time" after which a convicted man's chances for appeal would be exhausted.

Some action is beginning to accompany the words. Prison reform, for example, has replaced police training and armament as the Administration's top priority. The three-year-old Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, which has a promised authorization of \$1.5 billion next year and \$1.75 billion for 1973, expects to dispense roughly one-third of the funds to the states for improving jails and prisons. The Justice Department is starting to develop legislative proposals for a nationwide program to treat drug addicts. Earlier, Mitchell's men had blandly suggested that drug addiction was no concern of theirs.

Crime Capital. After years of soaring crime rates—an increase of 148% in the '60s—some signs point to a nationwide decline, perhaps, Mitchell hopes, as early as next year. During the first nine months of 1970, crime reductions were reported by 23 cities with populations above 100,000, among them Baltimore, Cleveland,

Kansas City, Pittsburgh and St. Louis. For the first time since 1956, crime declined last year in Washington, D.C., which Nixon had called "one of the crime capitals of the nation."

It is certainly not lost on the Administration that a reversal of the rising crime trend next year would strongly increase Nixon's prospects for reelection. Claims of success in combating crime could keep Democrats on the defensive. In reality, such claims by any President would be misleading, since state and local law-enforcement agencies, not the Federal Government, have primary responsibility for fighting crime—at least street crimes like murder and robbery, which Americans fear most.

Building Morale. In an interview with TIME's Dean Fischer last week, Mitchell agreed that his emphasis has shifted from strong support of police to pleas for court and correction reform. "When we came into office, the police forces in this country were completely discouraged," he said. "It was my opinion that we had to build up their morale." Mitchell believes that the cops' morale has so improved that he no longer needs to champion their cause constantly. In addition, a somewhat more conservative Supreme Court led by Chief Justice Burger has increased police confidence.

That heightened morale, bolstered by earlier tough talk, has enabled Mitchell to concentrate on broader issues. More than that, reports Correspondent Fischer, Mitchell's 26 months as Attorney General have revealed in him an intelligent capacity for growth. That, as much as anything else, may account for the new perspective in which he views the relationship between crime and the conditions that breed criminals.

DEFENSE

Things Old, Things New

As a former Secretary of the Air Force, Missouri Senator Stuart Symington has developed a keen sensitivity to one sign of the approach of spring. "Here we go again," he sighed last week, as he noted the emergence of "warnings of grave new dangers to this country because of developments in Soviet weaponry." The annual congressional committee hearings on defense appropriations were under way and, sure enough, U.S. military intelligence had detected evidence that the Soviet Union might be deploying a new intercontinental ballistic missile.

The news surfaced in a curious way. President Nixon noted in his massive foreign policy report to the Congress on Feb. 25 that the Russians had seemed to slow deployment of their largest known ICBM, the SS-9. One explanation for this was that it might "presage the deployment of an altogether new missile system." When top intelligence officials briefed the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy on Soviet missile plans that same week, no mention of an ominous new ICBM was made. But when the same officials briefed the Senate Armed Services Committee on March 4, Symington, who was present, now claims

that the possibility was raised—with warnings that the subject was secret. Yet last week Washington Senator Henry ("Scoop") Jackson, who was not present at the committee meeting, spoke on national television of "huge new missiles" possessed by the Russians. Symington contended that the Administration had told Jackson, a hawkish Democrat and a champion of weapons development (see box), to "put it out." Jackson denied the charge.

Warhead Cluster. Was there really a new Soviet ICBM to worry about? The White House said that Jackson was "very close" to right. The Pentagon confirmed that "we have detected some new ICBM construction in the Soviet Union—we are not sure exactly what it is or what the Soviet intentions are," Admiral Thomas H. Moorer, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, told the House Armed Services Committee that the Russians had initiated "a new ICBM-silo construction program—the silos are unlike any others they have previously constructed." One intelligence source claimed that the silos were bigger than those for the SS-9 and that the missiles seemed to have "a smaller warhead cluster," and presumably greater stability and accuracy.

The Administration used such claims in arguing for continued development

of the Safeguard ABM system to protect U.S. Minuteman missile sites. Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird urged Congress to authorize one more ABM installation (three are under construction) and give the President the choice of locating it near the nation's capital or a Minuteman complex—depending on the outcome of U.S.-Soviet arms talks.

Iron Bombs. The Pentagon also revealed that the Soviet Union has developed highly mobile and quick-firing launchers for some of its SAM anti-aircraft batteries. These launchers have been detected north of the DMZ in Viet Nam and could, said the military, be operating in Laos. U.S. experts have discounted reports by American pilots of an entirely new Soviet anti-aircraft missile in Laos. It is now believed that standard Soviet ground-to-ground rockets, which cannot track aircraft, are being fired in the approach paths of U.S. planes in order to disrupt attack patterns.

On the allied side, the Air Force has also found a new use for an even older weapon—the 15,000-lb. conventional iron bombs of World War II vintage. They are being parachuted from C-130 transports in Viet Nam and Laos to create "instant crater pads." The same task is being performed by an ultra-modern weapon called a "fuel air bomb," which weighs up to 1½ tons. Dropped

The Democrats' Liberal Hawk on Capitol Hill

SENATOR Henry ("Scoop") Jackson of Washington State is a perplexing study in political paradox. He gaily dismisses his frequent hawk label: "I'm not a hawk or a dove. I just don't want my country to be a pigeon." Still, Jackson remains one of the most rigid supporters of President Nixon's Viet Nam policies. He still firmly believes in the domino theory of Southeast Asian politics and, as far as the rest of the world goes, he is convinced of the ultimate malevolence of the Soviet Union's global intentions. President Nixon thinks so highly of Jackson that he pleaded with him to become Secretary of Defense and later asked that he consider the post of Secretary of State. Jackson politely declined both offers.

Why? Because Jackson is a devoted Democrat whose domestic views are as liberal as his foreign policy stance is conservative. He is an exponent of civil rights; in that area Jackson boasts one of the most liberal voting records in the Senate. He also takes issue with Nixon on economic policies. On revenue sharing: "The Nixon Administration is misleading the states and cities into thinking they are going to get something." On inflation: "Their formula to lick high prices is to see that no one has the money to pay them." The Republican Party, he says in summation, "is a museum of threadbare ideas."

Jackson also had a long-range reason for backing away from Nixon's seductive offers; he has an eye cocked on the 1972 Democratic presidential nomination. His vision is not wholly the pipe dream it may appear. The Democrats are acutely interested in big winners, and Jackson is surely that. Only 58, he has served 30 years in Congress, 18 of them in the Senate. In the last election, Washington, clearly a two-party

state, returned him to Capitol Hill with a staggering 83.9% of the vote. As chairman of the Interior and Insular Affairs Committee, he has gained a reputation for moving bills through committee more quickly than any other chairman. He is also third-ranking Democrat on the powerful Armed Services Committee and a member of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. His subtle knack for disagreeing without being disagreeable has made him a rarity among his colleagues—a powerful Senator with no enemy in view.

As a potential national candidate, Jackson can also claim seemingly contradictory support. His backing of the military-industrial complex has won him the approval of big business, notably the aviation industry. Yet he is also a friend of labor, whose leaders generally find his economic views congenial.

Though Scoop (the nickname came from an old cartoon character) humorously refers to himself as "an official non-candidate," he most certainly would like to be President. He is also frank about his chances. "I can read the polls," he says. "I can see how far out front Muskie is." If Muskie should stumble along the way, though, party leaders are bound to note that Jackson's disparate views give him as wide an ideological appeal as any other current Democratic hopeful now commands.



JACKSON

by parachute, it relies on the detonation of propane gas and air to create intense heat and shock waves, which effectively clear small landing areas.

As the Administration battles for more military funds, its most fearsome weapon may be its terminology. An annual report to Congress by Laird concludes with one of those tidy Pentagon charts, replete with arrows, boxes and converging lines, and a title that tries to sum up the Nixon-Laird approach: FOREIGN POLICY OBJECTIVE OF LASTING PEACE AND FREEDOM THROUGH NATIONAL SECURITY STRATEGY OF REALISTIC DETERRENCE AND A FOREIGN POLICY STRATEGY OF VIGOROUS NEGOTIATION. Perhaps it has more zing when translated into Russian.

AVIATION

Supersonic Counterattack

Last year an intensive drive by citizen groups concerned about ecology and national priorities nearly doomed continued development of the U.S. supersonic transport aircraft. After the Senate voted nay, the plane was temporarily saved by a House-Senate compromise extending funds through March of this year. With that mandate about to expire, the battle has been joined once more. This time the SST's supporters have mounted a highly professional counterattack that threatens to overwhelm the aircraft's critics.

The four-week, \$150,000 pro-SST blitzkrieg is mainly the work of an ad hoc National Committee for an American SST, supported by the aerospace industry and some 30 labor unions. It has placed full-page ads in leading newspapers. One pictures a boy holding a model of the SST and asks: "Will SSTs really pollute his world?" The answer, claims the ad, is that one SST moving at 1,780 m.p.h. "will emit no more pollutants per mile than three compact automobiles traveling at 60 m.p.h." As for sonic boom, the craft will be banned over land. At sea, the ad contends, the boom effect on the ocean surface will be "comparable to the impact of a fisherman's spinning lure hitting the water."

Other ads appeal to nationalistic sentiment. One shows a Soviet SST and is headlined: "Announcing international SST service—the best that rubles could buy." The real question for Congress, the ads contend, is "Will America be left on the ground?" The Russians have inadvertently aided that argument by running two-page ads in *Aviation Week & Space Technology*, a U.S. magazine, urging aerospace executives to buy the Soviet TU-144 SST. They also announced that their plane will go into regular passenger service in October.

Serious Students. The SST advocates are directly pressuring Congress as well. AFL-CIO President George Meany told a Senate Appropriations Subcommittee that the entire future of the American aerospace industry, already "in a state of economic shock," was at stake. He



claimed that the SST could generate 50,000 aerospace jobs and another 150,000 in related industries. The U.S. is now too late to catch other nations in the first generation of SSTs, Meany argued, and it must hurry to "enter the competition for the second generation—the SSTs of the 1980s and 1990s."

The comparable subcommittee in the House was addressed by David Fradin, 20, an aeronautical engineering student at the University of Michigan, who heads a national group of technically oriented students who back the plane. "We are

the serious students, the ones who go to class when others seek to shut down the school," Fradin said. "We will not give up our dreams of peace, clean environment and social progress brought about with the aid of aerospace."

Boycott Cheese. The SST supporters have deluged Congress and potential backers elsewhere with a mail blitz of 400,000 pieces of literature. In smooth prose, they seek to rebut each criticism of the plane and to stress its economic benefits. One broadside claims that "one SST sold overseas will offset the import of 20,000 Volkswagens or 200,000 Japanese TV sets."

The campaign has reversed the trend of congressional mail. Just two weeks ago, Freshman Senator Lloyd Bentsen of Texas was getting about 100 letters a week about the aircraft, 80% of them opposed. Now he gets 450 letters a week about the SST—and 80% are favorable. A particular target is the plane's most effective opponent, Wisconsin Senator William Proxmire. Backers have passed out bumper stickers intended to punish Proxmire on his home turf. One urges a boycott of Wisconsin cheese. In a lighter vein, another proclaims: PROXMIRE EATS MARGARINE.

The SST may yet get off the ground. The House, which approved further funding last year by 14 votes, is expected to do so again. The showdown will be in the Senate, where more money was rejected by an eleven-vote margin. Not at all certain that the Senate will repeat that opposition, Proxmire is urging states to ban SSTs of any nation from their airports. Five states are considering such legislation. Concedes Proxmire about the pro-SST assault on the Hill: "It's the kind of campaign I've seen pay off again and again in Congress."

SST NEWSPAPER AD
All the impact of a fisherman's lure.

INVESTIGATIONS

One Is Lying

Exactly four months after it began, testimony in the trial of Army Lieut. William L. Calley ended last week on a note of absolute certainty: one of two officers in charge the day of the My Lai massacre is lying.

Captain Ernest Medina, Calley's superior officer, who commanded Charlie Company on its sweep into the South Vietnamese village, testified, as Calley had earlier, to the shock effects of combat. Like Calley, he recited a grisly story about the company's casualties when the men walked over a Viet Cong minefield 20 days before the massacre. One man hit by mine fragments, said Medina, "was split as if somebody had taken a cleaver right up from his crotch all the way to his chest cavity." Discussing the day of the massacre, Medina said: "For those of you who have been on a combat assault, the adren-

My Lai 4." The standard procedure, he said, was to sweep through such a village and herd its inhabitants into an open space on the far side. When he learned how many innocent civilians had been killed, said Medina, his reaction was, "Oh my God, what is . . . What has happened?" Now the six-man jury of officers, who will begin their deliberations this week, must decide whether Calley or Medina was lying.

Compounding the Tragedy

Just as the testimony at one trial was ending at Fort Benning, more atrocities were being described 100 miles away at Atlanta's Fort McPherson. Lieut. Colonel Anthony B. Herbert, a 40-year-old veteran of combat in Korea and Viet Nam, was drafting military charges against a general and a colonel whom he accused of covering up war crimes that occurred two years ago. The officers are Major General John Barnes, an ex-brigade commander, and Colonel Joseph R. Franklin, who was a member of the Army's Peers Panel that investigated the My Lai Massacre.

Colonel Herbert maintains that when he served under Barnes and Franklin in Viet Nam, he reported to them a number of incidents involving murder, torture and mistreatment of prisoners; Herbert claims to have witnessed four such episodes. After one battle with the Viet Cong, he says, units of his battalion took some 15 prisoners, who were then put in custody of South Vietnamese troops accompanied by an American lieutenant.

"There were four dead already when I walked up," Herbert said. "They had a knife at the throat of a woman. Her baby was screaming and clutching at her leg, and her other child was being suffocated by a South Vietnamese infantryman who was shoving its face into the sand with his foot. I ordered them to stop, but with me just standing there looking, they proceeded to slit the woman's throat. I asked the lieutenant what the hell was going on, ordered him to get out of the area and take the ARVN with him, and they left."

Later, said Herbert, all the remaining prisoners were killed: "I went over there and they were all dead, the children too. When I reported the incident to Franklin, he said I was a liar and that I was exaggerating."

Herbert, who as an enlisted man was the most decorated U.S. soldier in the Korean War, won a Silver Star, three Bronze Stars and an Army Commendation medal during his ten-month tour in Viet Nam. When he reported one torture, he says, "Colonel Franklin suggested that if I was so damned morally offended by that, I should think about leaving." Herbert was relieved of his command on April 4, 1969. The Army says it is investigating Herbert's charges, but he reports that he has been repeatedly told "to cool it," because, as one officer at Fort McPherson told him, "We don't want another My Lai."



MEDINA

"My God, what has happened?"

alin starts pumping, the pucker factor goes up . . ."

Whatever the influence of battle conditions, the crucial question was whether or not Medina had ordered his men, at previous briefings and during the assault itself, to "waste" everyone in the village, women and children included. Calley has based much of his defense on the argument that he participated in the massacre on explicit orders from Medina, and two dozen other members of the company have corroborated Calley's story.

Last week Medina, who himself faces a court-martial, denied that he had issued any such orders. "One of the questions that was asked of me at the briefing [the night before the assault] was, 'Do we kill women and children?' My reply was that 'No, you do not kill women and children. You must use common sense. If they have a weapon and are trying to engage you, then you can shoot back, but you must use common sense.'" Further, said Medina, "there were no instructions given as far as the capture or collection of any noncombatants in the village of

A Dialogue with

Presidential Aide Henry Kissinger recently met with three of the alleged co-conspirators in the Berrigan case—the plot to kidnap Kissinger and blow up Government buildings. For 75 minutes they engaged in a polite discussion of U.S. policy in Indochina, but neither side came close to converting the other. Another, more amicable dialogue took place last August between Harvard Psychiatrist Robert Coles, author of Erik H. Erikson, the Growth of His Work, and Father Daniel Berrigan, just before Berrigan was captured by federal agents. Berrigan was convicted in 1968 of burning draft records in Catonsville, Md., as an act of protest against the Viet Nam War; since then, he has been named a co-conspirator, but not a defendant in the kidnap plot. In a series of articles copyrighted by NYREV, Inc., the New York Review of Books is currently printing excerpts from the Coles-Berrigan conversations, which are to be published in book form as *The Geography of Faith*. Some key exchanges:

Berrigan: I have never been able to look upon myself as a criminal and I would feel that in a society in which sanity is publicly available I could go on with the kind of work which I have always done throughout my life. I never tried to hurt a person. I tried to do something symbolic with pieces of paper. We tend to overlook the crimes of our political and business leaders. We don't send to jail Presidents and their advisers and certain Congressmen and Senators who talk like bloodthirsty mass murderers. We concentrate obsessively and violently on people who are trying to say things very differently and operate in different ways.

Coles: How would you apply your thinking to those on the political right who would like the same kind of immunity from prosecution and the same kind of right to stay out of jail?

Berrigan: Well, that subject came out very acutely at our trial; the judge and the prosecution asked me that same question. How would we feel about people invading our offices and burning our files? And our answer was very simple: if that was done, the people who did it should also present their case before the public and before the judiciary and submit themselves to what we went through.

Coles: Well, how about one of the chiefs of the Klan who was arrested a while back and went through the process you describe—and as a result went to jail? Would you argue that he perhaps should have taken to the underground?

Berrigan: Well, it seems to me what we have got to discover is whether non-violence is an effective force for human change. The Klansmen, as I understand

Radical Priest Daniel Berrigan

it, have been rather violent over the years; so their methods are not ours.

Coles: Are their methods any different from the Weatherman's methods?

Berrigan: Well, I look upon the Weatherman as a very different phenomenon because I have seen in them very different resources and purposes. I believe that their violent rhythm was induced by the violence of the society itself—and only after they struggled for a long time to be nonviolent. I don't think we can expect young people, passionate young people, to be indefinitely non-violent when every pressure put on them is one of violence—which I think describes the insanity of our society. And I can excuse the violence of those people as a temporary thing. I don't see a long-term ideological violence operating, as in the case of the Klansmen.

find very arrogant and self-righteous and dangerous.

Berrigan: O.K. Well, let's agree to differ on that, maybe from the point of view of a certain risk that I am willing to take in regard to those young people—a risk that I would be much less willing to take in regard to something as long-term as the Klan. But there is always danger in taking these risks, and the only way in which I can keep reasonably free of that danger is by saying in public and to myself that the Weatherman ideology (for instance) is going to meet up with people who are going to be very harshly and severely critical of it, as I have been and will be; in fact, at the point in which their rhetoric expresses disregard of human life and human dignity, I stand aside and I say no, as I will say no to the war machine. But I discern changes in our radical youth, including the Weatherman. And again I have hope for them, hope they will not be wedded to violence.

Coles: You mentioned a little while back that you especially have hope for our young who are university-educated and who have their ideals if not their actions grounded in certain values that you share. I strongly disagree—in the sense that I have not found that people in universities (or for that matter many others who in this century have proclaimed the brotherhood of man) are any more immune to arrogance and meanness and viciousness and snobbery than others of us are. Many of the people I work with (they are now called "middle Americans") are young people—and you don't talk about them . . . Some of these young people may not be as murderous as some of the young people you're talking about.

Coles: You say you feel American power is uniquely dangerous to the world. I do not agree. I see American power as one element in the world, and one dangerous element. But I do not see American power as *uniquely* dangerous—not when we have before us the spectacle of Soviet power, and rising Chinese power, and falling British power. How can one overlook the murderous greed we have seen the Kremlin display? What is one to make of the outlandish iconography Mao's Peking unashamedly tries to impose on China, and maybe all Asia?

Berrigan: I am arguing that we are particularly dangerous as a nation—because of the nuclear resources and armaments we possess, and also because of the ideological frenzy induced in us by 20 years of a "cold war." I would never deny that other nations are also dangerous . . . I never expect decent activity from great power, whether it be church power or state power.

Coles: You claim it is because I am a husband and a father that I am cautious. In another sense of the word I "husband" my resources and remain loyal to the system, the social system, the economic system, out of fear, out of trembling for my children . . . So, I carefully, maybe semiconsciously, calibrate how far "out" I dare go politically. Is that what you're saying?

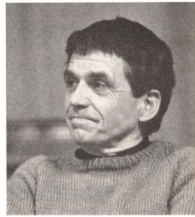
Berrigan: Yes. And I think marriage as we understand it and family life as we understand it in this culture both tend to define people in a far more suffocating and totalizing way than we want to acknowledge. There is a very nearly universal supposition that after one marries one ought to cool off with regard to political activism and compassion—as compared to one's student days, one's "young" days.

Coles: Married men to a degree lose their social compassion?

Berrigan: Yes.



COLES



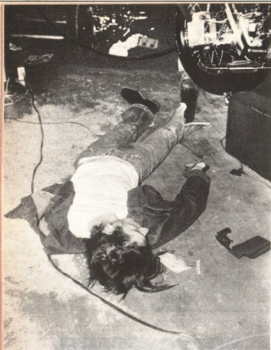
BERRIGAN

Coles: You are saying that our institutions are not fit institutions and therefore have no right to exercise their authority as institutions and determine, for instance, how to deal with violence, whether it be from the Klan or from the Weatherman. But if those institutions don't have such authority, which institutions, which people do?

Berrigan: We do.

Coles: Who is we?

Berrigan: Well, we are that small and assailed and powerless group of people who are nonviolent in principle and who are willing to suffer for our beliefs in the hope of creating something very different for those who will follow us. It is we who feel compelled to ask, along with, let's say, Bonhoeffer or Socrates or Jesus, how man is to live as a human being and how his communities are to form and to proliferate as instruments of human change and of human justice; and it is we who struggle to do more than pose the questions—but rather, live as though the questions were all-important, even though they cannot be immediately answered.



SLAIN BREED MEMBER IN CLEVELAND



BURIAL SERVICE FOR ANGEL CYCLIST

Hell's Angels 4, Breed 1

There's truthfulness in our life. We're all tied by a bond of friendship. A friend is the most important thing in life. We're wealthy and we don't have a dime. Just friendship.

THAT Salvation Army-style sentiment is the unlikely canon of a muscular, bearded band of "hog" riders known as Hell's Angels. A hog, of course, is a motorcycle, and the Angels have long been first among riders of the open road. Born in California in the late 1940s, the black-clad, swastikaed Angels and their roaring bikes made the terrors of Highway 101. Guzzling beer and shaking the countryside with obscene laughter, they broke up legitimate motorcycle rallies and often sacked small coastal towns. Perversely, pop music (*Black Denim Trousers and Motorcycle Boots*) and film (*The Wild One*) romanticized such outlaw riders as tragic, misunderstood loners, giving the Angels a place that they scarcely deserve in American folklore.

As the bike culture burgeoned, the Angels' legend became as grimy as their beards, Levi's and leather vests. In 1965 they tore up an Oakland peace rally. Four years later came Altamont. Commissioned to protect Mick Jagger and the Rolling Stones at a rock concert held at the California speedway, the Angels waded into the crowd with pool cues, leaving an 18-year-old black, Meredith Hunter, dead in their wake. (The Angel who killed him was acquitted on the ground of self-defense.) It all bolstered the legend that the Angels were the toughest, meanest cyclists around.

Last week an upstart band of East Coast rivals called the Breed decided

to challenge the Angels' pre-eminence. The arena they chose was a Cleveland motorcycle show. The results, after only 60 sanguinary seconds: four members of the Breed either stabbed to death or dying, including one of two Breed castrated; one Angel, Jeffrey Coffey, 22, of Hartford, Conn., dead. A total of 21 others from both gangs were injured, and 57 were charged with first-degree murder. It was the deadliest rumble in the history of maverick motorcycle gangs.

Charity Event. The fight had been brewing for months. The Breed are a band of newcomers, created about two years ago and concentrated mainly along the Eastern Seaboard. They grew quickly by the simple expedient of accepting virtually anyone who wanted to ride with them. They are generally younger than the Angels (many of whom claim to be Viet Nam veterans) and are eager to make names for themselves. Recently they began bragging that they were tougher than the Angels. According to one biker, a local Breed member entered a sleazy Cleveland bar three months ago with a spray can and wrote: BREED—H. A. STOMPERS in 2-ft.-high letters behind the bar. At Christmas in the Golden Nugget, another Cleveland hangout, a dozen Breed members took on—and whipped—an equal number of local Angels in a fistfight. The Breed were ready for a full-scale rumble.

They selected as their battleground the Fourth Annual Motorcycle Custom and Trade Show sponsored by the Cleveland Competition Club, an organization that unlike Hell's Angels, the Breed and sundry other outfits, is chartered by the American Motorcycle Association. Staged in a three-story brick hall

in the heart of Cleveland's predominantly Polish Southeast side, the annual show is designed to brighten motorcycling's image, and has never witnessed as much trouble as a fistfight. The proceeds were to go to a crippled children's fund.

No Old Ladies. On the afternoon of the battle some 150 Breed members assembled at a ramshackle barn they had rented as a "repair shop for cycles" in Brunswick, a farming community about 15 miles south of Cleveland. Next door the Rev. Robert C. Hilkert watched with understandable alarm as male members of the gang piled into their jalopies, pickup trucks and a gray hearse. He asked two of the Breed's "old ladies" why they were not going to the show. "Father," one replied, "we don't ask our men questions." Explained a local gang leader: "When you go to a hassle, you don't take your old ladies with you."

Within an hour, the Breed battalion trundled into a parking lot near the building, quietly paid their entrance fees, and checked their walking sticks and canes (no check was made for concealed weapons). Marching two by two, in military fashion, they surrounded the 60-by-90-ft. walled auditorium. Among those within their ring were about a dozen Angels watching over the gaudy bikes they had brought to display. As hints of a hassle spread, the floor began to clear. Soon another dozen or so Angels barged into the auditorium. As the band played *Knock on Wood*, a member of the Competition Club heard someone cry: "It's on!"

It was—with dreadful swiftness. Most spectators hardly knew what had happened until they saw blood spilling across the hall floor. One eyewitness, Leslie Morgan, thinks he saw the spark that touched off the battle. "I saw two Hell's

Angels come up to a Breed and try to take his colors [jacket and club emblem] off. The Breed started yelling for help. They got his jacket down to his elbows; then one of the Angels pulled a knife from his belt and stabbed the Breed two or three times in the stomach. He fell screaming to the floor."

Dave Corwin, head of the three-man private guard force, later admitted: "We expected trouble, but nothing like that." As soon as he heard the scuffling, Corwin dashed into the auditorium. "The only knife I saw was the one coming at me," he recalled. "I nailed the guy with my nightstick and that was the last I saw of him. Anyone who put up a fight, we'd knock against the wall, throw down the stairs and out the door. That would take the fight out of them." Added off-duty Patrolman Thomas Burton: "I tried to break it up, but I was knocked down once and once I slipped on the blood. It was all over the place."

Most witnesses felt that the Angels had drawn first blood; the tortured ethic of the hassle dictates that the man who goes for his hardware last loses face. Most present also believed that the Angels were not expecting a ruckus, or they would not have been outnumbered 6 to 1. If that is true, the Angels showed much better reactions than the cops, who had been forewarned by a federal narcotics agent. When the Breed rolled up to the hall, an off-duty patrolman immediately notified police headquarters, and two dozen wagons and cars full of police were dispatched. But the police lieutenant in charge was told inside the hall that there was no trouble, so he dispersed his men outside. When the brawl broke out, only five policemen and three private guards were inside the auditorium.

Like Elephants. With ten of their band held in Cleveland without bail on charges of first-degree murder and another lying in state (in full Angel regalia with his cycle by the coffin) in a Lower East Side Manhattan funeral parlor, the Angels might have been expected to lie low for a while. Yet even as dozens of the clan gathered to pay tribute to "Groover" Coffey, some 15 to 30 Angels pushed their way into a nearby leather goods shop and began to rough up the owner. When his 17-year-old girl friend appeared, one Angel reportedly said: "We're here for a funeral, but this looks like a party." Then eight of the group allegedly dragged the girl to a loft above the shop and tortured and raped her repeatedly for six hysterical hours. The Angels were arrested and booked on charges of rape, sodomy, assault, criminal trespass and unlawful imprisonment.

There is likely to be more purposeful violence between the Breed and the Angels. Said one biker: "Angels are like elephants—they never forget." Does the prospect of another round of bloodletting worry the Angels? No, says New York Angel President Sandy Alexander: "Who has fear in the fraternity of the doomed?"

RADICALS

Destroying the Panther Myth

Black Panther Robert Webb, 22, moved from San Francisco to New York about a year ago. In the growing Panther schism between supporters of Huey Newton, the party's Oakland-based minister of defense, and Eldridge Cleaver, now exiled in Algiers, Webb sided with Cleaver. Last week Webb and two friends were walking along a Harlem street when they encountered several other blacks who were selling the party newspaper; since the publication is Newton-controlled, the Cleaver wing has proscribed it. Webb tried to stop the men from hawking it, but three of them drew guns and fired at him. Within moments, Webb lay dead on the sidewalk. In his pocket was a card identifying him as a "deputy field marshal" of the Black Panther party.

Cleaver's man in New York, Zayd Malik Shakur, promptly charged that Newton and his associate David Hilliard were behind the murder. "We have documented evidence," he said, "that these two madmen gave the orders to have Brother Robert Webb killed." Police have their doubts, but they suspect that the intraparty dispute is the key to the killing. They think the killers came from a dissident Panther group in Queens that remains loyal to Newton at a time when many of the New York Panthers are part of the Cleaver following. They also believe that Webb's death marks the start of a time of violence and terror within what remains of the Panther party. "Whether or not Newton gave the order, this is the beginning of something big," says one law-enforcement official who follows the Pan-

thers closely. "All our undercover guys are scared to death."

\$650 a Month. The party split has ideological overtones: the Cleaver wing denounces the Newtonites as insufficiently revolutionary. Among other things, Newton has worked to disassociate the Panthers from Weatherman, a move the Cleaver faction views with dismay. But behind the argument is a personality clash and a power struggle between Newton and Cleaver. Newton has a middle-class background and a preference for working within the System; Cleaver came to the Panthers from years of brutalizing experience in prison. Newton's approach is much more theoretical and intellectual than Cleaver's petulant activism. It was after Newton's release from jail last year—he moved into a \$650-a-month apartment—that the strains inside the party began to show.

A month ago, two of the Panthers on trial in New York, Michael Tabor and Richard Moore, jumped bail and disappeared. With them went Tabor's wife, Connie Matthews, who had been New-

ROBERT LE CAPTION—LANSIN



CLEAVER IN ALGERIA

REYNOLD A. BRADY



PANTHERS MATTHEWS, HILLIARD & NEWTON AT YALE

A time of terror within the party.

ton's secretary. Newton reacted by reading them out of the party as "enemies of the people." Last week Tabor and his wife surfaced in Algeria with Cleaver, and the New York pro-Cleaver faction produced a video tape in which the Tabor's joined Kathleen Cleaver in attacking Newton. Mrs. Cleaver also took the occasion to deny charges in a recent issue of the *Black Panther* that her husband was holding her prisoner after having murdered her lover, Clinton Smith. Cleaver told *TIME* Correspondent Bill Marmon by telephone from Algiers: "I wouldn't bother to deny that stuff. It's absurd." Smith's present whereabouts are unknown.

The Black Panthers have never been numerous, but they have had an extraordinary effect on the black community. Especially among the young, they have virtually become figures of legend. A Louis Harris poll taken for *TIME* last year discovered that 64% of all blacks surveyed agreed that the Panthers gave them "a sense of pride." First with squabbling and now with bloodshed, the Panthers are destroying a potent myth of their own creation.

CIVIL RIGHTS

A Kind of Bridge

Whitney Moore Young Jr. was too sensitive a man to ignore the hurt of being called "Uncle Whitney" or "Whitney Young" by black extremists. Nor did he enjoy being labeled a "moderate," when he felt as angry and as militant about white racism as any of his brothers. Young spent many tortured nights talking out his anguish with close friends. Yet he always concluded that his own popularity was irrelevant to what he felt he could do best to aid black progress: awaken white corporate boardrooms to the economic injustice of discrimination against blacks. When Young, 49, died last week while swimming in the Atlantic surf off Lagos, black America lost one of its most effective leaders.

In his ten years as executive director of the National Urban League, the imposing (6 ft. 2 in., 200 lbs.) Young, who was a dull public speaker but an articulate private persuader, had transformed the League into an activist job-seeking organization with new roots in the ghettos. Before Young's arrival, the League's image had been that of a research-oriented interracial group whose members prowled libraries and whose middle-class contributors munched cream-cheese-and-olive sandwiches at suburban teas, while deploring the plight of city blacks. Under Young, the League helped 54,000 blacks find jobs; it and its affiliates raised or funneled \$45 million into such practical programs as its street academies for high school dropouts and its job-training facilities in 100 cities. "Pride and dignity come when you reach in your pocket and find money, not a hole," Young argued.

An upper-class black with a \$45,000

salary, Young neither shunned blunt talk when addressing white banquets nor donned a dashiki to convince his fellow blacks that he had soul. He was always an individual, difficult to classify. Young's special strength, notes a black journalist, was that "he was urbane enough to talk with the fat cats downtown and hip enough to talk with the tough cats uptown and he never seemed out of place doing either." Indeed, even some of the most bitter black spokesmen came to warmly appreciate Young. When informed of his death, Poet and Playwright Imamu Amiri Baraka (LeRoi Jones) wept. "There is a loss here that a lot of black people aren't aware of," Jones said. "Whitney Young had become a kind of bridge between that part of the community which is activist and that part which

and community solidarity" without resort to violence.

Born in Lincoln Ridge, Ky., where his father had become the first black president of Lincoln Institute, a white-run high school for blacks, Young held a bachelor's degree from Kentucky State College and an M.A. in social work from the University of Minnesota. When he enlisted in the Army in World War II, he was assigned first to electrical engineering studies at M.I.T., but later wound up building roads in Europe in a black company commanded by Southern whites. As a first sergeant he became an effective negotiator between officers and men. "I insisted on the officers treating the men with dignity and eliminating all forms of brutality," he recalled. He later utilized the same middleman skills in service with Urban

League units in St. Paul and Omaha, as dean of Atlanta University's School of Social Work, and upon joining the Urban League's national staff in 1961.

Hovels. Young's most publicized plea was for a "domestic Marshall plan" to help U.S. blacks recover from "more than three centuries of abuse, humiliation, segregation and bias." Young first proposed it in 1964, and he pushed the idea again last year, arguing: "Nothing is more irritating than to visit Western Germany and other countries in Europe that have been aided by our tax dollars and find no slums, then to go to the Harlems of this country and see the widows and mothers of people who died in World War II living in hovels."

Although he was keenly aware of the nation's "oppressive potential for brutality," Whitney Young insisted to the last that the two races must reach an accommodation. His attitude led one white businessman to tell Young: "You know, if all Negroes were like you, we wouldn't have a race problem." Replied Young: "Do you know, if all white people were like me, there wouldn't be a race problem." Young advocated an open, diversified society, in which all members of both races could freely choose their style of living.

For himself, Young chose a colonial home in New Rochelle, a New York suburb. But as his commuter train rolled through Harlem each workday, Young was troubled. "Should I get off this train this morning and stand on 125th Street cussing Whitey to show I am tough?" he once mused. "Or should I go downtown and talk to an executive of General Motors about 2,000 jobs for unemployed blacks?" Young, a civil rights leader who was interested above all in results, remained on the train.



YOUNG
Urbane, yet tough.

is mainstream. He unified all forces."

One of Young's greatest contributions was to convince many black radicals that whites can still help their cause. Black *apartheid*, he argued, "plays right into the hands of the enemy, who would like nothing better than to have us separated." But he would accept whites only on his own terms. "We don't want missionaries and masochists. We want technical assistance. And we need to educate the masses of white people about racism in this society."

Young deplored the academic studies of the "black problem," contending that what was needed were studies to find out why whites "want to bring up their children in those bland, sterile, antiseptic, gilded ghettos, producing stagnation and uncreative people." He scoffed at talk of armed black rebellion as simply "suicidal." Young was cheered when he accepted the concept of Black Power at a 1968 meeting of CORE, although he carefully defined it as a reach for "pride

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THE WORLD

India: A Clear Mandate for Mrs. Gandhi

FOR ten days they thronged to the polling stations. Voters turned out from the snowswept Vale of Kashmir to the tiger-infested jungles of Assam. They came by tractor and motorcycle, on carts drawn by camels and bullocks, and most often on foot. There were youths in bell-bottoms voting for the first time, and newlyweds who married in the morning and voted in the afternoon. A 110-year-old woman was carried by her great-grandson. Women frequently outnumbered the men, and some bore babies in their arms. Others appeared in their finest saris and jewelry. Sweetmeat vendors did a brisk business. When a cow gave birth to a calf outside a polling booth, everyone hailed it as a good omen. Officials of the New Congress Party, whose symbol is a cow nursing a calf, immediately ordered a shed erected.

Beyond Expectation. Many did not know how to write their names. But most seemed to know their minds, and

marigolds, Mrs. Gandhi appeared on the lawn of her modest bungalow in New Delhi gowned in a gay red and yellow sari. "I am not the least surprised," she told newsmen, though many observers had feared that her decision to hold elections a full year ahead of schedule was a dangerous gamble. Those who predicted her defeat, she suggested, might "eat crow." In truth, the victory was far beyond the expectations of even her most optimistic advisers. Nobody expected Indira to be defeated, but some figured that she would fall short of a 261-seat majority and be compelled to form a coalition with the Moscow-oriented Communist Party of India and a number of smaller parties. In fact, she will need no coalition at all. As one Indian put it: "Indira not only vanquished her enemies, she vanquished her friends."

The election utterly shattered a plethora

Turtle Bay when he headed India's delegation to the United Nations. Now 74 and somewhat less excitable, he ran as an independent.

Child of the Nation. An irony of Indira's extraordinary showing was that the old conservative bosses who once ruled her party chose her to replace the late Lal Bahadur Shastri in 1966 primarily because they thought they could manipulate her. Though no modern leader has been so carefully groomed for leadership as Indira was in her father's house, there was no hint that her sense of duty would become one of mission, even destiny. As Nehru's only daughter, she grew up "a child of the nation," known and loved by all. She saw her parents and grandfather frequently carted off to jail. As a teen-ager, she organized children demonstrators—"the Monkey Brigade," they were called—for Mahatma Gandhi.

Years later, when her widowed father

PHOTOGRAPHERS



INDIAN VILLAGERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE POLLS

Many could not write their names, but most knew what they wanted.

for an astonishing number that meant a vote for Indira Gandhi, 53, the handsome daughter of Jawaharlal Nehru who has run India for the past five years. At week's end, it was clear that an overwhelming majority of India's voters had put aside traditional caste, religious and language allegiances to give Mrs. Gandhi a firm mandate to lead the world's second most populous nation for another five years. With 518 elective seats at stake in the Lok Sabha, the lower house of Parliament, her New Congress Party was assured of 339 and stood a chance of winning enough for a two-thirds majority when all the ballots were counted. Said Indira's Finance Minister Y.B. Chavan: "The mandate is very clear for the onward march of the people to socialism."

As party workers beat drums, danced in the streets and showered her with

ora of opposition parties. The Opposition Congress Party, which was formed in 1969 when the old Congress Party split in two after Indira challenged the power of the "Syndicate" bosses, had won only 16 seats at week's end. Voters for the most part rejected both the extreme left and right—as well as many of the rich. S.K. Patil, Bombay boss of the Opposition Congress Party, was defeated, as were Swatantra Party Chairman "Mino" Masani and Samyukta Socialist Party Leader Madhu Limaye. One who did manage to keep his seat was Morarji Desai, Indira's old Opposition Congress foe, though his margin was narrowed from 125,000 votes in 1967 to 32,000 last week. Also re-elected were Jana Sangh Leader Atal Bihari Vajpayee, the Rajmats (Queen Mothers) of Gwalior and Jaipur (see color), and V.K. Krishna Menon, the scourge of

had become India's first Prime Minister. Indira served as his official hostess. She met most of the world's leaders and observed all the drawing-room machinations of power. In 1959, party officials asked her to take what was in effect the nation's second most powerful position—the presidency of the Congress Party. After Nehru's death in 1964, she became Minister of Information and Broadcasting. Trying to explain her hold on the people, who turned out for rallies in numbers that frequently exceeded those attracted by her father, one political commentator observed: "Her father was a dreamer, an idealist who did not act decisively. The people loved Nehru, but they are impressed by her ability to make decisions and make them firmly and fast." In short, she is a pragmatist.

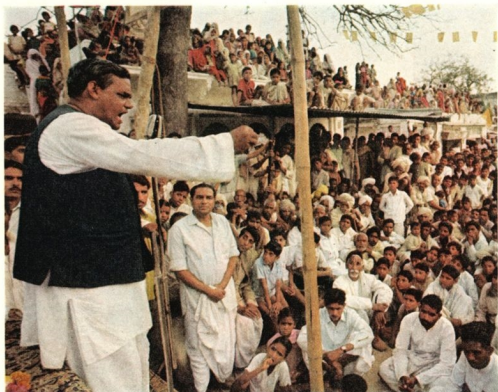
She can also be ruthless. In the past 16 months, she has moved to reshape



Campaigning in a suburb of New Delhi, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi receives garlands of marigolds from admirers.



In Calcutta, a Communist cartoon hand-painted on a wall satirizes cow-and-calf symbol of New Congress Party.



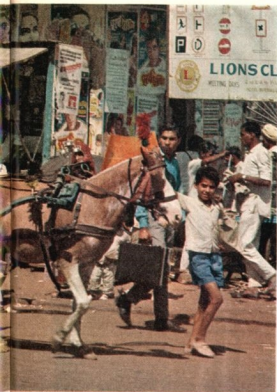
Villagers perch on housetops to hear Atal Bihari Vajpayee, president of Jana Sangh Party.



New Congress Party loudspeaker Jeep.



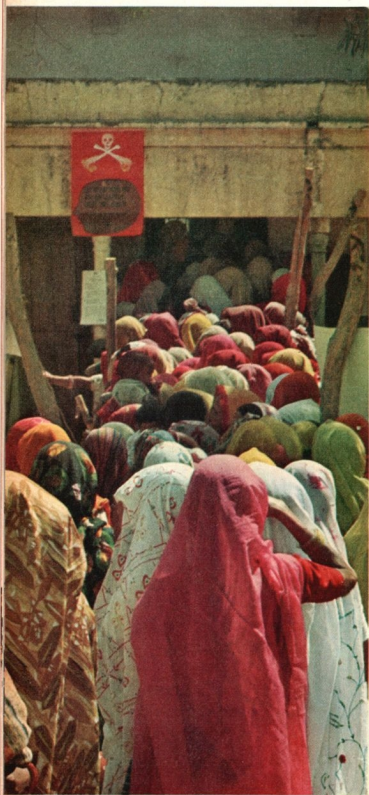
Rajmata (Queen Mother) of Gwalior seeks Lok Sabha seat in heliborne campaign.



Indian wagon serves as a primitive sound truck.



Swatantra Party's Rajmata of Jaipur visits polls.



Queues of voters outside Jaipur polling station.

Jaipur voter stuffs paper ballot into box.



Rajasthani women with voter identification cards.



the Indian political scene. Convinced that Indians had wearied of the slow-moving Syndicate cabal that ruled the party, Indira emerged triumphant from the party split that virtually stripped her foes of power. The split also left her with a minority government. Unable to ram controversial legislation through Parliament, foiled by the supreme court when she sought to abolish the maharajahs' private purses, she decided to dissolve Parliament and try to win a greater majority. If she winds up with a two-thirds majority, she will be able not only to enact her program but also to amend the constitution.

Twin Specters. "When one sees the response the people have made," Indira said last week, "this increases our responsibility to do something quickly." One of her first acts when Parliament convenes this week will be to present a new budget. Beyond that, the pressure will be on her to produce some solutions to India's myriad problems—inflation, a sluggish economy, unemployment, poverty. Hovering over all of these are the twin specters that have haunted the nation from its birth in 1947. One is the spate of ethnic, religious and linguistic divisions that have always threatened to tear the country apart; even today there are no fewer than 14 official languages and 845 dialects, as well as numerous castes and religions and countless sects—a forbidding recipe for unity. The other problem is a fast-growing population that has added some 200 million people since Independence and is expected to push India, which now has some 560 million people, over the billion mark by the end of the century.

Interwoven with the population explosion is unemployment. No one knows for sure how many of the rural poor are unemployed, but estimates range as high as 30%. An even greater waste, if the country is to make technological progress, is the fact that 60,000 of the country's 300,000 engineers are out of work. The educated young who are unable to find jobs and have lost all faith in parliamentary government have proved easy targets for parties like West Bengal's Maoist Naxalites.

Mrs. Gandhi is not about to abolish the right to private property, but she may very well have to put limits on it. "We want the private sector to be more spread out," she has said. "We don't want it confined to a few families." Almost all Indian business and industrial houses today are family-run—which encourages them to become monopolies and inbred cartels but deprives them of truly professional management at the top level. Indira realizes, however, that any serious tampering with property rights could antagonize the moderates and the moneymen who are the source of her party's strength, despite its socialist platform. Mrs. Gandhi is also aware that she must find ways to spur public and private investing.

Land reform is another vexing prob-

lem. To prevent further bloody peasant revolts such as those that occurred in the Naxalbari region in 1967, the government must find a way to cut through the legal red tape that has effectively hamstringed land reform. The *zamindars*, a breed of feudal aristocrats and absentee landlords whose estates often consisted of as many as 50 or more entire villages, have got around the law in West Bengal by parceling out property to relatives, who often number in the hundreds. Though land reform is a state problem, Indira is expected to draft model legislation and then urge state legislatures to implement it. If they do not, land-grabbing revolts could spread across the country.

One bright spot in India's future is the success of "the green revolution," the dramatic breakthrough in the use of high-yield strains of grain, chemical fertilizers and advanced irrigation techniques, which increased wheat production 50% in two years. But millions still live on the edge of starvation, and will for years to come.

Full of Faith. When Indira was 13, her father advised her in a letter he wrote while in prison: "Ordinary men and women are not usually heroic. They think of their daily bread and butter, of their children, of their household worries and the like. But a time comes when a whole people become full of faith for a great cause, and then even simple, ordinary men and women become heroes, and history becomes stirring and epoch-making. Great leaders have something in them which inspires a whole people and makes them do great deeds." Nehru's daughter has inspired India's people to give her an extraordinary mandate. Now she faces the far more difficult task of charting a program to lift an ancient burden of poverty from her land, and of inspiring her people to follow that program.

THE WAR

Shadowboxing

Psychological warfare, like the shooting kind, runs the risk of retaliation. For weeks, South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu hinted at a possible invasion of the north, and even President Nixon refused to rule out the notion entirely. The purpose of this talk was to keep North Vietnamese troops pinned down defending the home front, rather than harassing South Vietnamese troops in Laos.

Last week, during a surprise visit to Hanoi, China's Premier Chou En-lai retaliated by indulging in a little psychological warfare himself. North Viet Nam and China, he said, are "the front line" and "the rear area" of the war. The two countries are as closely linked as "lips and teeth." Should the U.S. "go down the road of expanding its war of aggression," declared a communiqué signed by Chou and Hanoi's Premier Pham Van Dong, the Chinese people would "take all necessary measures, not flinching even from the greatest national sacrifices," to help the North Vietnamese. Translation, according to most interpretations: China will probably not intervene unless North Viet Nam is invaded or seriously threatened, or the fighting in Laos approaches China's border. Precisely what point on the scale of escalation might bring troops pouring across that frontier was left unclear.

The U.S. also left its intentions deliberately unclear. Talking of a South Vietnamese invasion, Secretary of State William Rogers emphasized that the U.S. has no such plans under consideration, but "we don't exactly rule it out either."

Hilltop Hopping. The diplomatic shadowboxing was matched by a battlefield standoff, as each side sought a tactical advantage in anticipation of a

CHOU EN-LAI (FOURTH FROM LEFT) & PHAM VAN DONG (THIRD FROM LEFT) IN HANOI



showdown. South Vietnamese troops briefly occupied Tchepone, 25 miles inside Laos and once described as the "throat" of the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Then they pulled back from the deserted town to occupy part of the nearby valley floor and some coily named fire bases in the surrounding hills ("Sophia," "Liz" and "Lollo" for Actresses Loren, Taylor and Lollobrigida). Hilltop hopping by helicopter, other ARVN forces sought to cut off important enemy supply routes, chiefly Route 914, the last major supply road with a dense cover of foliage. There are main routes farther west, such as Route 23, but they are more exposed to observation and bombing.

The North Vietnamese responded to the attacks over a wide area. Some 80 miles south of Tchepone, Communist forces overran a Royal Laotian garrison at the edge of the Bolovens Plateau, overlooking the Ho Chi Minh Trail. The base, known as Site 22, commanded the SeKong River, a key artery in the trail complex. Near Tchepone itself, North Vietnamese troops managed to call in American artillery on South Vietnamese positions by using the same radio frequencies as the ARVN troops'. At other times they lured American helicopters into anti-aircraft fire. Total helicopter losses since the Laos operation began five weeks ago: 66 destroyed and well over 160 more shot down but recovered (see box).

Dispiriting Rationale. After a month of fighting, what had the South Vietnamese accomplished in Laos? For a brief period they managed to cut traffic along the Ho Chi Minh Trail in half. By last week, truck movements were returning to normal, though most of the supplies were going to nearby Communist troops in Laos, instead of to enemy forces in Cambodia and South Viet Nam. The ARVN also counted 1,731 tons of food captured or destroyed, along with weapons for as many as nine battalions, 800 tons of ammunition, 108 tanks and 8,008 enemy killed in action or captured—at a cost of 726 South Vietnamese dead and 2,763 wounded. Even if the figures are accurate, the operation has so far yielded far fewer enemy supplies than did the invasion of Cambodia last year. More impressive in the eyes of U.S. officers is the estimate that one-third of the Communist battalions in the Laotian panhandle have been put out of commission.

But the best ARVN troops also took considerable losses, probably far more than Saigon officially reported. South Vietnamese military sources admit that enlistments for such elite outfits as the paratroopers and the marines, which were hit hard in Laos, are running at one-tenth the preinvasion figures. Even more dispiriting was the rationale offered by a U.S. briefing officer in Saigon—that the incursion into Laos had "bought time" for Cambodia's neophyte army. Last year's invasion of Cambodia was also billed as buying time—for the army of South Viet Nam.

"Killing Is Our Business"

AT Khe Sanh, the distinctive pump and whir of hundreds of helicopter rotor blades began at 7 a.m., even before the morning fog started to lift. Drowsy pilots walked out to their UH-1 Hueys and malevolent-looking OH-6 Cobra gunships, checked out the oil levels, the instruments and the control linkages, and then strolled back to their tactical operations centers. The call to combat came as it has almost every day since the Laotian operation began, well before midmorning. At the heavily sandbagged T.O.C. of the 4th Battalion, 77th Field Artillery, 101st Airborne Division, blond, mustachioed Warrant Officer Fred Hayden, 27, set down his cup of tea and sprinted out onto the oil-soaked pad. Zipped into his brown flame-resistant flight suit, he had already scrambled into the front seat of his Cobra by the time Copilot Ronald Lee Walters, 22, clambered into the rear. Within two minutes the Cobra was bound for Fire Base Ranger on a hilltop eight miles inside Laos, where South Vietnamese troops were trying to fight off a North Vietnamese attack.

Walters lifted the Cobra's nose and rolled out to the northwest. A set of scrambled alphabet letters came in over the T.O.C. radio, and Hayden pulled out his "Whiz Wheel" decoder to decipher the grid coordinates of his mission. As their chopper raced over the bomb-pocked Laotian countryside, a second Cobra pulled up alongside. Twenty minutes later, the Cobras arrived over a scene of total chaos. As Hayden and Walters carved circles in the sky several thousand feet above the fire-scarred hilltop, they watched errant rockets from choppers already on the scene blazing into friendly and enemy positions alike. Other ships, including Medevac Hueys, milled around the Ranger landing zone but were unable to penetrate the murderous curtain of fire.

The pilots pushed the Cobra into a steep dive. Before they pulled up—at about 500 ft.—Walters had fired two pairs of 2.75-in. rockets into enemy positions. Diving again, Hayden let go with his 7.62-mm. minigun against a pocket of North Vietnamese caught in the open near the perimeter wire. Terrified, the Communists scattered back into the tree line, leaving 15 bodies on the ground. There was another strike, then another and another, until Hayden had expended his entire 2,500-lb. load of ordnance. By noontime, he was back at Khe Sanh to refuel, rearm and wait for the next assignment.

Hayden was lucky at Ranger, where, as he puts it, "nobody knew what was going on." In the week-long battle for the hilltop fire base, a number of U.S. helicopters were shot down, and more

than a few of those that wobbled back to Khe Sanh were thoroughly shot up. Since the Laotian operation began on Feb. 8, the loss rate of U.S. helicopters—normally about one per 16,000 sorties—has quadrupled. So far during the Laos operation, Communist gunners have knocked out no fewer than 61 helicopters, about 10% of the fleet originally committed to Lam Son 719. More than 160 other birds have been brought down but later hauled back to their



HAYDEN & COBRA AT KHE SANH

bases by other choppers. A total of 31 U.S. crewmen have been killed, 44 wounded, and ten listed as missing.

The pilots who fly the U.S. command's 3,500 birds form a thin, olive-drab line, the rearguard of the U.S. withdrawal. Mindful of congressional curbs on the use of ground troops outside Viet Nam, the Administration describes chopper activities in Laos and Cambodia as "air support." Even though pilots may never set foot on the ground, however, they are as deeply involved in ground tactics as the G.I.s who drove Patton's tanks or the cavalrymen who spurred Sheridan's horses.

For the moment, at least, the obvious tactical virtues displayed by helicopters in Laos have helped to silence debate not only in Congress but also among some longtime chopper critics. In *No Exit from Vietnam*, British Counterinsurgency Expert Sir Robert Thompson charged that helicopters had "exaggerated the two great weaknesses of the American character—impatience and aggressiveness." Thompson fretted that the U.S.'s problems in Indochina were rooted partly in a "fatal fascination" with technology. The chopper, he said, was responsible for "the one-star generals who regard their tour of duty in Vietnam as an opportunity to indulge in a year's big-game hunting from

and Business Is Good"

their helicopter howdahs at government expense."

For their part, the champions of the chopper describe it as the first breakthrough in ground combat since the gasoline engine allowed infantry to maneuver on wheels. The chopper supplies the allies with a command-and-control craft, a scout plane and fighter, an ambulance, a troop transport and a tow truck—all rolled into seven or eight varieties of bird. U.S. helicopters in Viet Nam have flown an astounding 30.6 million sorties in the last decade, logged more than 11 million flying hours, and hauled 4,500,000 tons of cargo. Without the helicopter to set up fire bases atop precipitous hills and leap-frog troops from position to position, says Brigadier General William J. Maddox Jr., director of Army aviation, the bat-

and commissioned officers, the new warrant officer-pilots avoid both the "hassling" that the grunt endures and the responsibilities that an officer carries. And though they are addressed as "Mister" rather than "Sir," at least they are not "Hey, you," and they can get a beer at the officers' club.

The younger pilots are a curious combination of professional soldier and green high school graduate: If they are not in one of the starchier units like the 101st, they decorate their machines like so many jalopies—or minibuses. Wicked-looking to begin with, Cobras are even more fearsome when shark's teeth, skulls or lightning bolts are painted on them. And naturally, there are names. One Huey sports THE GRIM REAPER. A gunship is emblazoned with KILLING IS OUR BUSINESS AND BUSINESS IS GOOD. Then there is the black pilot, possibly mythical, who flies a UH-1 named—what else?—FREE HUEY.

First stop for would-be chopper pilots is sere Fort Wolters, Texas, where they spend 16 weeks learning to handle light training helicopters. Then come 16 weeks of more advanced work at Fort Rucker, Ala. For the first eight weeks, Rucker students fly only under hoods, learning to maneuver their prized Hueys on instruments alone.

Warrant Officer Candidate Jarema Majkut finds that "it takes a lot more skill to fly a helicopter" than other aircraft. "Basically, an airplane wants to fly," he says, "and a helicopter wants to crash." The pilots are well paid for their talents. With flight and combat pay, Fred Hayden clears \$11,400 a year—enough to put him in economic striking distance of a New York City patrolman (base pay: \$12,150 a year).

Chopper pilots earn every penny they get. In one company at Khe Sanh called the Lancers, the pilots have organized a pool; the pot—\$5 from each aircraft commander—goes to the ship with the greatest accumulation of bullet holes when Lam Son finally ends (choppers that crash are disqualified). Says soft-spoken Huey Pilot John Oldham, 22, of Peculiar, Mo.: "If you think about getting killed, it will screw you up. You just do the job you are trained for." Over Laos, where the elaborate Communist antiaircraft system is especially potent, the pilots fly high—but not on grass. There may be plenty of pot smokers in Viet Nam's foxholes, but there are very few in its helicopters, where a man may have to monitor five radios at once, handle a number of lethal weapons, and manipulate complex controls.

Staying in the air over Viet Nam was difficult enough in the days of the old H-21 "Flying Bananas." Back then, in the early 1960s, one Viet Cong trick

was to set up long spears and trip wires along the ground in such a way that they would be set off by the rotor wash of low-flying choppers. On occasion, startled pilots would find one of the V.C.'s wicked little missiles imbedded in the tail booms when they landed. Now as then, helicopters are extraordinarily vulnerable. Even a single rifle bullet in the huge disc-shaped target formed by the whirling blades and the complex rotor-hub mechanism can cause a ship to tear itself apart in mid-air.

In Laos, the huge CH-47 Chinooks and CH-54 Skyranes are doubtless the safest choppers, primarily because the expensive machines (\$1.3 million to \$2.1 million) are rarely risked in "hot" areas. Perhaps most dangerous are the bulb-shaped \$106,000 101s (for light observation helicopters). Flown by pilots whom even other pilots describe as "crazy," they buzz along at treetop level to draw fire and expose enemy positions. For protection, the 101s rely mainly on their 150 m.p.h. speed. In Laos, that has not been enough; six have been lost and the U.S. command has limited 101 flights across the border.

Narrow as they are head-on (36 inches), the Army's sleek \$457,000 Cobras have broad flanks, and they are fully exposed to enemy gunners during the pull-out after a strike. Probably the most available targets over Laos today are the ubiquitous Hueys, which serve as everything from VIP tour buses to combat assault gunships that fire 6,400 rounds of minigun fire in a minute. Though U.S. pilots generally give ARVN high marks for bravery, some pilots complain that the South Vietnamese have misused Medevac on occasion. Angry flyers tell of having braved fierce Communist fire to answer ARVN calls, only to find "shammers"—men swathed in bandages but with no wounds—when they arrive. Other pilots gripe that ARVN commanders sometimes purposely minimize hostile activity in an area. A typical radio exchange over Laos, heard last week:

ARVN: Come on in; there's nothing happening here.

Pilot: Then why are you whispering?

ARVN: They might hear us.

Pilot: Who might hear you?

Despite such kinks, U.S. commanders are convinced that their new brand of airmobile warfare is a success. In fact, there is some concern among the brass that "the other side" is all too appreciative of the chopper's virtues. Soviet pilots, they note, have been flying Russian helicopters, including rocket-firing gunships, in support of the little-noticed guerrilla struggle in the Sudan (TIME, March 1). When the allies went into Cambodia last spring, Hanoi's General Vo Nguyen Giap himself hastened to one of Cambodia's eastern provinces for a look-see. His means of transportation was a Soviet-made helicopter.



"SUPER JOLLY GREEN GIANT" LIFTING AMMO

tle in Laos would have been "tree by tree along Highway 9."

The cost has been high in men and machines. At least 27,000 helicopters have been hit by enemy fire since the U.S. entered the war; 3,300 have been destroyed at a cost well over \$1 billion. The human cost: 460 Army pilots, 1,002 crewmen, 525 passengers.

The men who pilot the choppers are usually young (average age: 22) and cocky, certain that they are an elite. More than half of the 22,000 chopper pilots the Army has trained since 1966 have been made warrant officers, a kind of limbo grade that the pilots find appealing. Ranking between enlisted men



EX-PRIME MINISTER GORTON

AUSTRALIA

Fall of the Larrikin

John Grey Gorton is what Australians call a larrikin—a rough-hewn fellow who often embarrasses his colleagues. Elected Prime Minister in 1968 after the drowning of Harold Holt, Gorton rarely consulted Cabinet colleagues and totally ignored backbenchers from his Liberal Party (which, despite the name, is markedly conservative). When he proposed legislation last year to take away the states' powers over off-shore mining, his party colleagues refused to support him, and he was forced to make a humiliating retreat. Gorton's personal style was, to say the least, indiscreet. He once arrived late at a U.S. embassy party with a 19-year-old lass in tow, then spent the remainder of the evening chatting with her and ignoring his hosts and other officials present.

Heavy Losses. Last week, after what started out as a parochial squabble within his Cabinet, Gorton was deposed at last. The immediate issue was whether he had tried to undercut his able Defense Minister Malcolm Fraser, 40, in a dispute with senior army officers. Tall, tough and outspoken, Fraser was convinced he had been treated shabbily. He resigned, accusing Gorton of "deliberate disloyalty" toward a colleague.

The Fraser affair satisfied Liberal leaders once and for all that Gorton was not the man to lead their party—which has ruled Australia since 1949 in coalition with the smaller Country Party—into next year's elections. The Liberals sustained heavy losses under Gorton in 1969 and 1970, when their popular vote dropped to 38% (from 43% in 1969). In this year's state elections, the opposition Labor Party came to power in western Australia and almost won in New South Wales. After a three-hour Liberal caucus, Gorton's

colleagues deadlocked 33 to 33 on a vote to depose him; Gorton, as chairman of the meeting, felt obliged to cast the deciding vote against himself.

Gorton's successor is short, balding William McMahon, 63, who has served in Australian governments for 20 years and hankered to become P.M. for almost as long. He is remembered as Australia's most competent postwar Treasurer, though he was transferred to the less important Ministry of External Affairs in 1969 because Gorton wanted to clip his wings. The hard-working McMahon soon reorganized the department, changed his title to Foreign Minister and remained a key figure in the government.

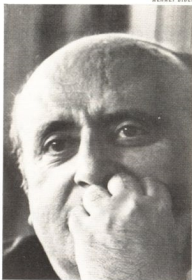
The new Prime Minister's policies are not likely to differ markedly from his predecessor's. "I will be very anti-Communist and very anti-socialist," said McMahon. Like Gorton, he supports Australia's commitment of 7,100 troops to Viet Nam; indeed, in his first act last week, McMahon named Gorton as his Defense Minister. At home he must deal with an increasingly familiar phenomenon—persistent inflation (7.6% last year) combined with a sluggish economy. But his immediate job is to rebuild the party before the 1972 elections, when the Liberals must face a revived Labor Party under the polished leadership of Edward Gough Whitlam.

One of McMahon's most obvious assets in the job will be his wife Sonia, 38, a striking blonde who at 5 ft. 9 in. stands two inches taller than her husband. The evening before McMahon's victory, a photographer caught Sonia descending the stairs from Canberra's Parliament House just as a fortuitous gust of wind caught her high-slit black crepe maxiskirt. "The wind blew at the wrong moment," said Sonia. Not necessarily. Some observers suggested that the resulting thigh-high picture might well have swung a few votes in McMahon's favor.

PRIME MINISTER McMAHON & WIFE



JOHN FAIRBANKS & SONS



EX-PREMIER SÜLEYMAN DEMIREL

TURKEY

Pride of Authorship

Just before the 1 p.m. newscast on Radio Ankara, three colonels from the army, navy and air force handed the announcer a bulletin and politely asked him to read it over the air. It was a memorandum from Turkey's military chiefs: "The Parliament and the government, with their continuing attitude, policies and actions, have pushed our country into anarchy, fratricide and social and economic unrest. Parliament should remain above party politics and consider measures to dispel the sorrow and hopelessness felt by the nation and the armed forces, to put an end to the anarchy and bring about reforms called for by the constitution. If this cannot be accomplished promptly, the Turkish armed forces, fulfilling their legal duty to protect the republic, will take power."

Running Conflict. The broadcast ultimatum came as a stunning shock to Prime Minister Süleyman Demirel, 46, who was fond of saying that only a parliamentary majority could depose him. But the military left him no room for maneuver, and he quickly resigned.

The last time Turkey's generals overthrew an elected government was in 1960 when they ousted Demirel's predecessor, Adnan Menderes, for corruption and repression, and hanged him. Before returning the country to the politicians, the soldiers framed a new constitution that was adopted in 1961, and they took a certain pride of authorship in seeing it work. The course of government under Demirel was a source of ever-increasing dismay to them.

Over the past three years, Turkey has suffered almost every kind of civil ill. Student leftists, despairing of ever making much impact on Turkey's conservative, peasant-based society, regularly battled police and right-wing students. When 70,000 workers rioted last



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It's our new top-of-the-line pickup. Cheyenne offers a deep foam-cushioned bench seat in deluxe vinyl. Carpeting. Other niceties inside. Special touches outside. Bucket seats and console available, too. Cheyenne has comforts that cars thought belonged to them, and other trucks never even thought of.



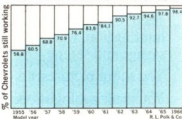
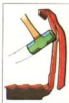
Durable front disc brakes.



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Official figures, based on latest R. L. Polk & Co. statistics, show how Chevrolets outlast other trucks. Going back as far as 1955, for example, over 56% of the Chevrolets of that model year are still on the job. No competitive make has as many as half of its '55 models still working.

Chevrolet

Will you give a lion a home?

Many animals kill; only man destroys. He has already wiped out over 100 animal species.

And others (rhino, leopard, etc.) are in jeopardy.

The agony is that once a species is gone, it is gone forever.

In Tanzania, on the plains of the Serengeti, is one of the last places on God's green (?) earth you still see wild animals in migration.



The Serengeti Plains, 5500 sq. mi., lie between Lake Victoria, Olduvai Gorge (where anthropologist Leakey unearthed the first man) and Ngongoro Crater.

Drawn by tides of instinct, Wildebeeste and Zebra, Eland, Tommies and Grant's gazelle, in hundreds of thousands to the horizon, cross and recross the Serengeti Plain.

And among them lives the African lion.

You can camp out in the Serengeti; sleep to the night music of the hunting lion, wake to landscapes savage and serene.

You shoot pictures; no guns allowed.

You meet zoologists, ecologists, wardens (many were hunters who put down their rifles), serving and studying in this unique laboratory.

Most men, of course, will never get to Serengeti (indeed, 7 out of 10 Tanzanians have never seen a lion, as New Yorkers have never seen a cow).

But Serengeti—and the lions—exist. (Can you imagine a world without lions?) And they belong to all of us.

To run the Serengeti National Park, to carve out new wildlife refuges, to guard against the ubiquitous poacher, costs money.

Not much; the cost of a destroyer would sustain Tanzania's parks for 100 years. But Tanzania isn't rich. So friends of the Serengeti help.

They believe there is a unity between man and nature that must be preserved.

Men raised fortunes to lift Abu Simbel statues above the Nile; to restore flood-damaged Florentine art.

All well and good. But here is an equal inheritance for our children and their children: African wildlife in its last chance on earth.

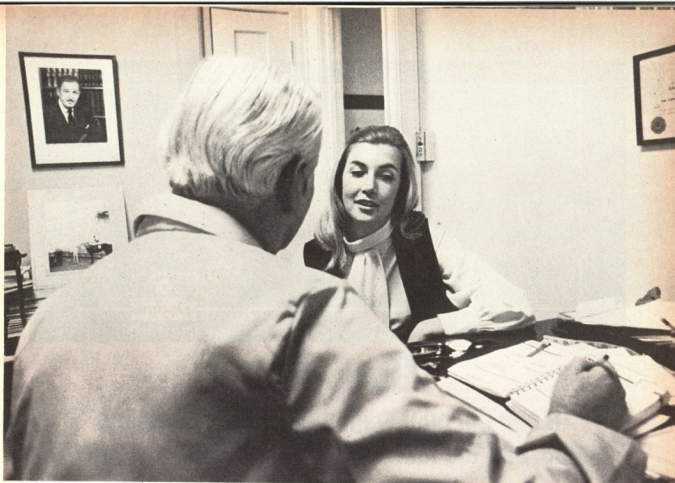
For something will be lost when the elephant no longer roams the bush and the lion is gone from the plain.

And when it is lost, it is lost forever. Will you help?

Send your contribution (tax deductible) to:

African Wildlife Leadership Foundation
1250 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036

\$300 reclaims a square mile; our goal is 1200 sq. mi., the size of the King Ranch. 50¢ an acre to give a lion a home.



The best time to see your doctor is when you're feeling great.

If you think we're kidding, ask your doctor. He'll tell you that not being sick means more than just treating illness. It means preventing it before it happens.



A recent survey showed that only 4 out of 10,000 people see their doctor for a routine annual checkup. Which means that very few people are giving their physician the opportunity to keep them healthy. To prevent or treat disease before it becomes serious.

What can you do to help your doctor help you?

The most important thing is to see him regularly and let him get to know you thoroughly. Let him develop a detailed medical and family history on you. So that he knows about the

rheumatic fever you had when you were nine. Or the fact that your mother died of a heart attack.

And if you move to a new city, have your physician forward your medical records to your new doctor. It will save a lot of time and make continuing health care a whole lot easier.

A growing number of doctors believe that preventive health care is the next great challenge in medicine. They're working to re-orient health care delivery toward the family and the whole person.

As part of the health care team, we at A.H. Robins share your doctor's concern with the goal of better health care for all Americans. Our continuing challenge is to develop new and better drugs for treating and preventing disease.

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Question:

If our Coronet wagons have the style, the space, and the features you want, why pay more?

For those with whom price is no object, boy, can you buy a dandy station wagon today. Big as a house, with a V8 whose power is exceeded only by its appetite. But how about the rest of us? Will we be forced to jam our plywood edgeways between the wheelhouses? To sit in a slightly stooped position with our knees under our chin, a constant irritating reminder that we just can't afford the green to go first class? And why doesn't somebody build a family-sized, plywood-panel-sized, great-looking wagon right in between the too smalls and the too expensive?

Boy, would a wagon like that be a buy. And here it is. Dodge Coronet. What is it? Great-looking. Sized and priced right in the gap. Plywood, it holds flat; headroom and legroom you get, with features that rival those of the biggies. And a price that gives your budget a little breathing room.

A few words about value.

A great wagon has to be both a great family car and a versatile utility vehicle. Here are some thoughtful Coronet features.

- A cargo area that holds four-by-eight plywood panels flat.
- A two-way tailgate that opens like



- a door without your rolling the window down.
- Convenient side storage areas in the rear.
- An optional rear window cleaning vane that really works.
- Choice of two- or three-seat models.

A few words about features.

Coronet gives you a wide choice in the amount of richness you get—from the fully carpeted, simulated wood-sided Crestwood shown above to the more utilitarian standard models.



Only the trim is changed. All models include:

- Fully unitized body construction for greater strength and a quiet ride.
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- A low emission 318 V8 that runs on regular gas, either low or no lead gas.
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A few words about how much you should pay for what you want!

You can find wagons priced a lot higher than a Coronet that really don't give you that much more. Rest assured that Coronet offers all the room, ride and comfort that a going, growing group like yours is ever likely to need. And then some. Visit your nearby Dodge Boys and try one on for size. Try one on your budget for savings. Dodge Coronet. The great looking wagon priced right in between the too smalls and the too expensive. Right on, Dodge.

Dodge Coronet. How's that for a thoughtful answer, wagon lovers?



TURKISH TROOPS ADVANCE ON STUDENTS



RIOTERS COUNTERATTACK IN ISTANBUL

Almost every kind of civil ill.

summer over an amendment to the labor code that would trim the power of radical union groups, order was restored only by the imposition of martial law. Turkey is also beset by poverty, with an average per capita GNP of only \$346 a year, and inflation, which led to a 40% currency devaluation last August.

Functioning Normally. Demirel, a onetime engineer turned reform-minded politician, seemed unable to pacify the country's warring factions. He lost con-

siderable personal prestige by using his influence to swing a reported \$2,000,000 in bank loans for his two businessmen brothers, Sevkettin and Ali, and then trying to block a parliamentary investigation of the affair. When four U.S. airmen were kidnapped two weeks ago (see box), Demirel left it to others to appeal to the kidnapers to spare the airmen's lives. His weak performance finally exhausted the patience of Turkey's generals.

Turkey's civil politicians now have

the choice of forming a coalition cabinet or rallying round some member of Demirel's dominant Justice Party who would be more acceptable to the army. Either out of fear of an outright military takeover or, more likely, out of tacit agreement with the generals' move, most Turks accepted the change with equanimity. Even the extremist student group Dev-genc (an acronym for "revolutionary youth movement") joined in a declaration of support for any reforms that the military might have in mind.

No More Tribute for Terror

THE immediate trigger for Premier Süleyman Demirel's political demise was the case of the four kidnapped U.S. airmen. Sergeant Jimmie J. Sexton and Airmen First Class James M. Gholson, Larry Heavner and Richard Caraszi were abducted two weeks ago by young revolutionaries who demanded \$400,000 to spare their lives. The Ankara government responded with a heavyhanded and unproductive search through the Middle East Technical University, in which a student and a soldier were killed.

Last week the four airmen turned up safely at their billets—a deliverance due not to police efforts but to a monumental blunder by the kidnapers. The Americans were being confined in a closet and the tiny hall of an apartment near Ankara's embassy row. When a police car pulled up in front of the building, the young Turks mistakenly assumed that it was a raid, and fled. The Americans noticed that the apartment had suddenly gone quiet. After waiting a few agonizing moments to make sure their abductors had departed, they simply walked out and took a taxi home.

If the kidnapers' intention had been to embarrass their government, they could count the operation a spectacular success. But if their chief object had been to collect the \$400,000 ransom that they had demanded, the crime clearly had not paid. At no point was there any inclination by Turkish or U.S. authorities to hand over the money. Their attitude reflects a growing determination to discourage future kidnappings rather than protect unfortunate captives.

Brazil, for instance, has emphasized the safety of the victims, and met kidnapers' demands for the release of jailed revolutionaries—but in so doing has all but turned the gates of its

prisons into revolving doors. Uruguay, by contrast, has refused to negotiate for the release of any foreign hostages. The policy is a risky one. U.S. Police Adviser Daniel Mitrone was murdered last August by his captors, the Tupamaro guerrillas. British Ambassador Geoffrey Jackson has been held by kidnapers for more than two months, and last week the guerrillas seized Attorney General Guido Berro Oribe for "questioning." Nonetheless, the Uruguayan government is hopeful that its policy will ultimately put an end to political kidnappings, since the Tupamaros have gained little for their trouble and, in resorting to murder, have lost their Robin Hood image.

Canada's government took a slightly different approach last fall when British Trade Commissioner James R. Cross and Quebec Labor Minister Pierre Laporte were kidnapped by two different groups of French-Canadian extremists. The government offered the kidnapers free passage to Cuba, but little else. Cross's captors accepted; Laporte's abductors strangled him. One of them, Paul Rose, 27, was convicted of murder last week and sentenced to life imprisonment; three other suspects have still to face trial. Was the government right in refusing to yield to the kidnapers' demands? According to a Gallup poll released last week, Canadians agreed by nearly 8 to 1 that a government should not pay ransom.

In Washington, the State Department has concluded that a policy of "no tribute" is the best way to protect U.S. ambassadors abroad. To persuade would-be kidnapers that they run a good risk of getting hurt, the State Department has also rejected the practice of offering no resistance. A number of American ambassadors seem convinced that, despite the risks of this policy, they would be exposed to even greater danger by a policy of rewarding kidnapers. The envoys have left private instructions that if they are kidnapped, their captors' demands are not to be met under any circumstances.

NORTHERN IRELAND

An Appalling Crime

Before setting out on a pub crawl through Belfast with two young friends from Scotland's Royal Highland Fusiliers, Dougal McCaughy, 23, dutifully telephoned his aunt in Glasgow. "Is everything quiet?" she asked anxiously. He laughed. "Are you kidding?" Three hours later Dougal's aunt received another call from Belfast. On a narrow roadway on Squires Hill, four miles west of Ulster's capital, a pair of schoolboys had found the bodies of Dougal and his two friends, brothers Joseph, 18, and John McCaig, 17. The corpses were heaped grotesquely on top of one another. Two of the fusiliers had been shot pointblank through the head, the third through the body. Two empty beer glasses lay near the bodies. The violence that has marked clashes involving the Protestant majority, the Catholic minority and the 8,500 British troops stationed in Ulster had suddenly taken on a terrible new aspect.

Revealing Burrs. Police believe that the young Scots, unarmed, dressed in civvies and carrying five-hour passes from their battalion, had decided to down a few pints in Kellys Cellars, a picturesque Belfast pub that dates from the early 1800s and is frequented by Catholic Republicans. Even out of uniform, the young soldiers would have easily tipped their identities with their burrs. Belfast Catholics hate the Scottish troops even more than the English because the Scots have been in the vanguard of many of the arms searches in Catholic homes. Besides, they are pre-

AP



SLAIN SOLDIERS DOUGAL MCCAUGHY & JOSEPH & JOHN MCCAIG
A wave of revulsion after an act of hatred.

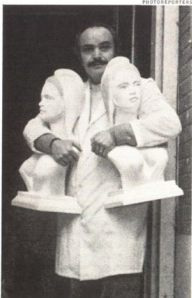
dominantly Protestant. The three fusiliers were probably lured away from Kellys by their assassins, posing as new-found drinking chums. On the city's outskirts, a few residents heard gunfire, then saw a red Mini car, carrying men whose heads were covered by a blanket, speeding away from the area.

Though it was widely assumed that terrorists of the outlawed Irish Republican Army had killed the Scots, no one wanted credit for the act. Both I.R.A. factions denied responsibility

—the regulars who want a political revolution and the breakaway Provisionals who openly advocate guerrilla warfare until the six counties that make up Ulster are united with the Irish Republic to the south. The I.R.A., however, has pledged "two soldiers for every one Irishman killed." I.R.A. Chief of Staff Cathal Goulding warned recently: "Things are going to get worse. British soldiers are going to get killed."

Until last week's murders, only three soldiers had died since the troops ar-

A Fetching New Symbol of France



SCULPTOR ASLAN WITH BARDOT BUSTS

In the mayor's office of the small town of Thiron-Gardais near Chartres, young couples exchange wedding vows beneath a bust of Marianne, the ubiquitous symbol of the Republic of France. But the long familiar statue now has a new and different look. Although she still wears the customary Phrygian hat, her habitually austere visage has been replaced by a generous mouth and her torso by an even more generous cleavage. The face and figure, done in white plaster with bronze patinas, are unmistakably those of Brigitte Bardot.

This latest role for BB was conceived and executed by Aslan (Alain Gourdon), a French artist who once won the Grand Prix de Rome for his sculpture, and now sometimes draws magazine pinup girls. While vacationing in Thiron-Gardais, Aslan decided to try his hand at sculpting a new Marianne, who has been reconceived a number of times since she was first created in 1848. Says Aslan: "All the Mariannes invariably have a Greek profile. It's ridiculous to have a Greek god-

dess representing the French Republic. Automatically, the image of Brigitte Bardot imposed itself on my spirit. To me she represents femininity and womanhood. She's truly a symbol of France."

So far, says Aslan, BB's new bust has supplanted ten old Mariannes in mayors' offices around France, at a cost of \$105 each. Installing a bust of Brigitte at his party's headquarters in Paris, Radical Party Politician Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber said: "We should be proud of her, of Roquefort cheese and of Bordeaux wine. They are the products that bring us the most profit." André Malraux, the celebrated author and former Minister of Culture, asked for and was sent a copy.

The manufacturers have received a few complaining letters, including one that scolded: "You cannot rank the Republic and this person together." Nonetheless, BB's bust is expected to become a priority item in mayors' budgets—after this week's municipal elections are over. In return for lending her figure to France, Bardot has been given one of the busts and has mounted it over her bed.

rived 18 months ago. The deaths occurred in the last six weeks in armed clashes with rioters. But 53 people have been killed since August 1969, and a growing number of the deaths are attributed by police to internecine warfare in a power struggle between the rival I.R.A. factions. Earlier last week a Belfast youth was shot dead and three others seriously wounded in a midnight gun battle when the Provos fought I.R.A. regulars near Catholic Falls Road. Twelve hours later, a milkman believed to be connected with the Provos was shot in the face, presumably by an official death squad, while sitting in his milk truck in the Ballymurphy area of Belfast.

Risks of Revenge. In both Britain and Ulster, a wave of revulsion followed the murders. Some 3,000 Protestant and Catholic shipyard workers united to march through Belfast's streets in an expression of outrage at the crime and sympathy for the slain Scots' families. Ulster's Prime Minister James Chichester-Clark, trying to cool off Protestant hotheads bent on reprisals, warned of "the appalling consequences of murder and outrage, the risks of revenge and the chain reaction that follows."

The Rev. Ian Paisley, Ulster's fiercest Protestant militant, demanded the Stormont government's resignation. Thundered Paisley: "We can no longer tolerate your weakness. You must go before the whole land is deluged with the blood of innocent men and women." The government also faced increasing pressures to invoke the Special Powers Act of 1922 and incarcerate I.R.A. ring-leaders. In Britain, Home Secretary Reginald Maudling described the killing as a "cold-blooded and an appalling crime." Though the British announced that they were withdrawing all soldiers under 18 years of age, Maudling told the House of Commons that the government is prepared to back its garrison in an effort to crush the I.R.A. gunmen once and for all.

GUATEMALA

When the Blood Began to Run

Not long after he was inaugurated as President of Guatemala last July, Right Wing Army Colonel Carlos Arana Osorio complained wearily to his people: "But you are so hard to govern." Since November, when Arana declared a state of siege, armed thugs of every political variety have been doing their best to remedy that problem by eliminating as many Guatemalans as possible. According to the Latin American Federation of Christian Trade Unions (CLASC), a Catholic labor movement based in Venezuela, at least 700 and possibly 1,000 have been murdered; some 4,000 have been arrested in a land of only 5,000,000 people. Congressmen of the ruling M.L.N. (National Liberation Movement) Party are guarded by a force of 60 men, who tote submachine guns and grenades, and the legislature itself



LEFTIST GUERRILLAS ON JUNGLE MANEUVERS
Even a wheelchair was no insurance.

sometimes resembles an armed camp. When TIME Correspondent Bernard Diederich visited the legislature in Guatemala City last week, he saw one gun-for-hire character who wore a black cowboy hat, black shirt and black trousers and carried a low-slung .45 automatic.

After becoming President on a law-and-order platform, Arana tried briefly to moderate his strongman image. But terrorist kidnappings and murders continued—mostly by the ultraleft F.A.R. (Rebel Armed Forces). Arana, a former counterinsurgency chief who is credited with wiping out 3,000 people during an antiguerrilla campaign in northeastern Guatemala between 1966 and 1968, heard mounting calls for a crackdown. Finally, after four policemen had been gunned down by guerrillas in two days, Arana imposed the state of siege and a 9 p.m.-to-5 a.m. curfew. Soon the blood began to run in earnest.

Leftist terrorism has continued. Two weeks ago the guerrillas killed one of their prime targets—Lieut. Colonel Noé Delgado Villegas, former chief of the police "complaints section," popularly known as the "Scream Section" because of the tortures that allegedly occurred there. But the leftists' bloody record is now being challenged by a rightist group that calls itself Ojo por Ojo (Eye for an Eye). Organized after West German Ambassador Karl von Spreti was murdered by F.A.R. guerrillas last April, the Ojo por Ojo has been credited with a dismaying number of murders, mostly of leftists or even moderates who are working within the system.

Julio Caney Herrera, a wealthy lawyer with mildly left-wing views, was machine-gunned to death while driving home in broad daylight. The bodies of liberal Businessman Humberto González

Juarez, a friend and a secretary were found beside a highway. Two young radio newscasters disappeared. So did Juan Luis Molina Loza, 27, a philosophy student and amateur actor who had played a convincing Che Guevara in a student carnival last year.

Two labor leaders were murdered, as was Congressman Arnoldo Otten Prado, himself a labor leader and a member of the moderate wing of the ruling M.L.N. Uncertain whether he had been killed by rightists or leftists, his congressional colleagues quickly voted themselves life insurance policies.

The most outrageous killing occurred early this year. Adolfo Mijangos López, 43, a Sorbonne-educated law professor and leader of a five-man opposition bloc in congress, had told a friend not long before: "I know they're after me, but I have one little insurance policy—my wheelchair. They might hesitate before shooting a man in a wheelchair." In mid-January, Mijangos, who was paralyzed from the waist down, was shot in the back 27 times as he was leaving his office building—in his wheelchair. His law students tore to shreds a floral wreath sent by the ultraconservative president of Guatemala's congress, Mario Sandoval Alarcón.

Death Squads. Meanwhile, the bodies of petty criminals keep turning up. The circumstances suggest the existence of Brazil-style "death squads"—gangs of policemen and others that round up and execute criminals who have eluded the law. Some Guatemalans insist that people with ten or more arrests are being disposed of "to help clear the courts of pending cases." On two occasions, police claimed the victims were killed "attacking an army patrol," an unlikely venture for inveterate pickpockets and drunks.



PRESIDENT ARANA
An eye for an eye.

PEOPLE

The Virgin Mary got support of a sort from two embattled females at Washington's Catholic University last week. **Ti-Grace Atkinson**, mighty mouth of *Women's Liberation*, told an audience of students, priests, nuns and laymen that in the Virgin Birth poor Mary had been more "used" than if her Son had been conceived normally. "I can't let her say that!" yelled Patricia Buckley Bozell, the managing editor of a rightist Catholic magazine, *Triumph*, and sister of right-wing Columnist **William Buckley** and Senator **James Buckley**. To the podium stormed Patricia; she aimed a hefty slap at Ti-Grace, who managed to ward it off. Hustled outside, Pat shouted, "To hell with Catholic University!" then knelt to say the

John Lynch himself on hand for the jigs and songs. But it will also be **Pat Nixon's** birthday, and Daughter **Tricia Nixon**, 25, is planning to turn the shamrocks into orange blossoms with the announcement of her engagement to Harvard Law Student **Edward Finch Cox**, 24. The official word adds up to something less than real news: Tricia has been wearing his ring since Christmas-time, and Eddie's curriculum vitae (he was once one of Nader's Raiders) has been served up in plentiful quantity in the press. The day will be June 12. The place: the White House. The minister: the Rev. Edward Latch, Methodist chaplain of the House of Representatives. The couple will spend the summer in Manhattan, where Eddie has a temporary job, then go back to Harvard for his final year.

Women are the business of Cosmetics Tycoon **Charles (Revlon) Revson**, and no one doubts that he knows his business. He divides them into loners and groupies. Groupies, says Revson, "surround themselves with other women because they basically feel unattractive to men. These are the women who take that extra cocktail, who fill their afternoons with card playing because men are a very little source of pleasure and satisfaction to them, and who either neglect their appearance or do so much to their looks that they become unreal and overwhelming." A loner is usually anything but lonely. "Her aloneness is really an independence that comes from confidence. She does everything she can to attract without becoming a slave, or hysterical about the way she looks. It takes so little effort for a woman to taste and smell good. And the rewards are enormous." Gynecophile Revson gave *Women's Wear Daily* some examples of loners: **Marlene Dietrich** ("verve without flash"), **Mrs. Henry Ford** ("men just gravitate"), **Merle Oberon**

("something marvelous about her skin"), **Raquel Welch** ("a magnificent body — she just has to learn how to be a little more subtle in revealing it") and **Mrs. Charles Revson**.

Singer **Andy Williams** was holding the note, and holding it. "Joan, I'm turning blue," he finally gasped to the pianist. "I'm waiting for a cue," she said. "You're the cue, Joan," said Conductor **Henry Mancini**. "Oh, I'm really sorry, Andy," said the wife of Massachusetts Senator **Edward M. Kennedy**. They were taping the *Andy Williams Show* for March 27, and **Joan Kennedy** was doing her piano *shrik* like a real trouper. One of the piano's keys got stuck. Then she couldn't read the cue cards. But she ad-libbed her way through without a hitch.

"We could all use a little extra cash these days," said A. & P. Heir **Huntington Hartford**, putting some of his paintings up for auction at Manhattan's Parke-Bernet Galleries last week. The little extra cash they brought included record sums for the works of three artists: \$100,000 for a Dali (a 168-by-144-in. picture that Hartford had commissioned called *The Discovery of America by Christopher Columbus*), \$150,000 for a Mary Cassatt (*Summertime*), and \$95,000 for a Gustave Moreau (*Salome Dancing Before Herod*). Total auction haul: \$556,000.

The royal yacht *Britannia* hove to off the Fiji island of Kadavu one day last week, and a boat put out from shore for Britain's **Prince Philip** and his uncle **Louis, Earl Mountbatten of Burma**, both on an informal tour of the South Pacific. It turned out to be quite an unusual experience for the two naval personages when, on approaching land, they and the Fiji Prime Minister's wife got a heave-ho from 30 Fijians dressed in their best white Sunday *sulus*. The idea was to keep the royal feet from getting wet.



PATRICIA & TI-GRACE
Pow for the faith.

Rosary in protest, together with a group of students that included one of her ten children, Cathy, 19. Ti-Grace, considerably shaken, cut her speech short. "That face," she said later, "I've seen it in so many churches—the hysteria, the desperation. I felt for her. It's outrageous that it's the women who are the sufferers."


Ah! The sweet music of thunderous applause fell upon the pink ears of Prima Donna **Joan Sutherland** after her premiere performance of *Lucia di Lammermoor* in Hamburg last week. But oh! Boos followed for the weak conducting of her husband **Richard Bonynge** in the orchestra pit. Shaking her fist in fury, Miss Sutherland stomped onto the stage and stormed off again—refusing further curtain calls. Next day the Hamburg papers carried jittery editorials, worrying about whether Sutherland & Co. would pack up and go. No problem. Soon she was down at the Hamburg docks, her fist clenched now around a champagne bottle, with which she smilingly christened a new container carrier, *Columbus Australia*.

It should be an emerald-green evening—St. Patrick's Day Eve at the White House with Ireland's Prime Minister



PRINCE PHILIP & LORD MOUNTBATTEN
Heave-ho for the royals.

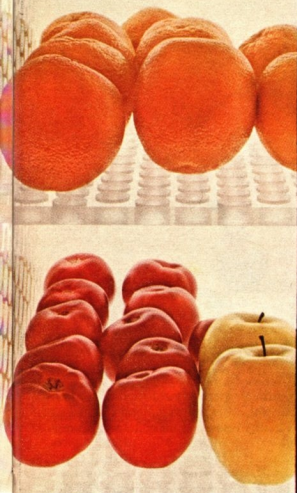


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Know how good a crunchy, red apple tastes, right off the tree? Or a big, ripe tomato right off the vine?

Before long, you may be able to keep them that way for weeks...months...maybe even a year—in your kitchen cabinet.

This won't be an ordinary cabinet, of course. It'll be airtight. And inside, instead of oxygen, it will be filled with carbon dioxide (the stuff that puts the fizz in soda pop) made from natural gas. The same gas you cook, heat and cool with now.

Oxygen, you see, is what robs fruits and vegetables of their flavor. And it allows them to spoil—even in your refrigerator—

because it supports bacteria.

So, replace the oxygen with carbon dioxide, and your food will stay fresh almost indefinitely.

Sound like a pipe dream? Far from it. Whole warehouses of apples are being stored that way right now.

When will your flavor-lock cabinet be ready? Maybe sooner than you think. If you have natural gas in your home, you're all set. Your future is going to be juicy.

**There's a lot more coming
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At school, it developed an independence of spirit which, you may say, is all too typical of California campuses.

But like a lot of wild kids, it turned out all right in the end.

We've found that, when mature, it produces a remarkable wine. Light, fragrant, with unique varietal character.

Paul Masson's Emerald Dry is normally served with seafood and light meats. But there's more to it than that.

A British wine buff sips it as an aperitif with fingers of gruyere cheese.

The Irish tend to drink it with corned beef and cabbage on St. Patrick's Day.

It goes with Chinese food better than any wine we know of.

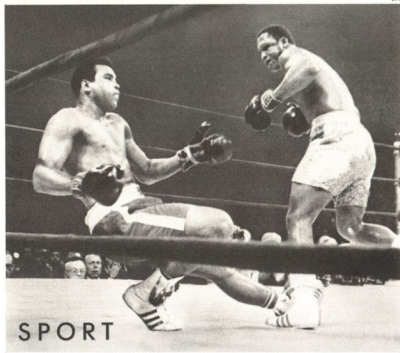
Emerald Dry is readily available in stores and restaurants.

Why not have a confrontation?

Paul Masson's Emerald Dry.



PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA ©1970



FRAZIER DECKING ALI IN 15TH ROUND

SPORT

And Then There Was One

After months of drumbeating, chest thumping and lip flapping, Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier finally came to blows last week. And after 15 punishing rounds, the much ballyhooed "Fight of the Century" established two unmistakable truths. The first was that Frazier, in pounding out a decision over Ali, had proved himself to be the undisputed heavyweight champion of the world. The second was that Joe had been absolutely right when he predicted it would be "one hell of a fight."

Given the extraordinary interest in what Ali grandiloquently called "the biggest sporting event in the history of the whole planet earth," anything short of a slugfest would have been anticlimactic. The two heavyweights delivered—and so did the fans. TV hookups, which beamed the bout to 300 million viewers in 46 countries, pushed the total gate to a possible \$20 million. According to Las Vegas bookies, the fight generated an estimated \$1 billion in bets. On the big night, Madison Square Garden scalpers were demanding—and getting—\$850 for a \$150 ringside seat.

The turnout befitted the tariff. Surveying the crowd, Ring Announcer Johnny Addie declared that "everybody is here tonight." He was almost right. At ringside were Astronauts Alan Shepard, Stu Roosa and Edgar Mitchell, Senators Hubert Humphrey and John Tunney, Ed Sullivan, Andy Williams, Ethel Kennedy, Bullfighter El Cordobés, Frank Sinatra, Dick Cavett, Danny Kaye, Bill Cosby, David Frost, Michael Caine, Woody Allen, Burt Bacharach—to cite a few. Then there were the costumes,

which ranged from brocaded tuxedos and sequined capes to tangerine jumpsuits and mink-trimmed robes. Salvador Dali had one look at the proceedings and pronounced them "surrealistic."

Elsewhere in the U.S., the action at some of the 337 closed-circuit TV sites was a bit too realistic. In the Chicago Coliseum, a riot broke out when the TV transmission broke down. Across town at the International Amphitheater, police had to turn firehoses on an angry mob of 1,000 trying to storm their way into the sold-out house. In Pittsburgh, 5,500 hardy souls braved sub-freezing temperatures and icy 30-m.p.h. winds to see the fight outdoors at the Three Rivers Stadium. The fight fever knew no boundaries. In Manila, classes were suspended so that schoolchildren could watch along with their teachers. In Rome and London, scores of fans stayed home from work to rest up for the 4 a.m. telecast.

Hook for Hook. The action in the ring was thoroughly in keeping with the action outside. Very little went according to plan—certainly not Ali's plan, which called for a sixth-round knockout of Frazier. At the opening bell, Joe, the most fearsome body puncher around, went immediately—and wildly—for Ali's head. Ali, the celebrated stick-and-run dancer, very often stood flatfooted and, in what proved to be his ultimate undoing, tried trading hook for jolting hook. In the early going, Ali's long, rapid-fire jabs and lightning combinations kept the ever-charging Frazier at bay. Then, in an attempt to kill time and possibly psych his opponent, Ali began leaning against the ropes and beckoning Frazier to have a go at his

body. When Frazier did land a punch, Ali would shake his head to show that it had not hurt. Once, after absorbing a Frazier flurry, Ali crowed, "Nooo contest."

Slowly finding his rhythm, Frazier seemed to grow stronger as Ali began to weaken. In the eleventh round, the roundhouse lefts that had earlier been missing Ali by as much as a full foot began to find their mark. Rocked by two hammering hooks, the staggering Ali barely managed to hang on until the bell. Coming back, Ali won the 14th, but 21 seconds into the final round, Frazier caught him with a head-snapping left hook that dropped him flat on his back. Dazed, Ali was up at the count of three, but his game attempt to rally was too little, too late. The decision for Frazier was unanimous.

"I've got to give Clay credit," said Frazier afterward, while handlers applied ice packs to the swollen knobs on his face. "He takes some punches. Oh, my God, that shot I hit him with in the last round . . . I went back home, back to the country for that one." For what had to be the first time in his career, the Louisville Lip was not available for the postfight rehash. He was hustled to the hospital for X rays of his cheek, which was puffed out like a balloon. His jaw, it turned out, was not broken—nor was his spirit. "You lose, you lose," he said. "More important things to worry about in life. I'm probably a better man for it. Now all I want to do is to go home to my wife and children, cut the grass, eat fattening foods and see what materializes." Then, as an afterthought, he muttered: "Next time I'll really get him."

Next time? In keeping with the old boxing adage that one good fight—especially one with the richest gate ever—deserves another, the promoters last week were already stumping for the seemingly inevitable Frazier v. Ali rematch. Garden Matchmaker Teddy Brenner can see it now. "The next one," he says gleefully, "will be called 'Ali's Revenge.'"

Thinking Small Pays Big

Quick, now, basketball fans, who is the best college forward in the country? Sidney Wicks of U.C.L.A.? Well, some pro scouts insist that unpublishable Travis Grant of Kentucky State can shoot circles around Wicks. How about the best guard? Wrong again—not Austin Carr of Notre Dame. Those in the know say that Tuskegee has a ball-hawking hustler named Kendall Mayfield who has moves that make Carr look like he is standing still.

Such opinions are, of course, purely subjective. Yet when they come from professional basketball scouts, they bear checking out. That, in fact, is exactly what the pro scouts were doing last week when they made their annual visit to Kansas City, Mo., to inspect the 32 teams playing for the championship of the National Association of

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Intercollegiate Athletics. Because the N.A.I.A.'s 558 member schools are classified as "small colleges" their athletes do not command the kind of publicity that is heaped on the big-college stars. Nonetheless, as the number of pro-basketball teams has grown from nine to 28 in the past nine years, scouts have found that thinking small can reap big rewards. Ask the world champion New York Knickerbockers. No fewer than three of their starting five—Walt Frazier of Southern Illinois, Willis Reed of Grambling and Dick Barnett of Tennessee State—are N.A.I.A. alumni. They all sharpened their skills in the pro-style brand of run-and-shoot that is played in the N.A.I.A.

This season the N.A.I.A. has nurtured a host of prospects who figure to make it in the pros, including Greg Northington, a 7-ft. 11-in. center from Alabama State who averages 20 rebounds per game; Georgetown's Ken Davis (32-p. average); and Mike Ratliff, a rugged 6-ft. 10-in. junior center from Eau Claire. But four players in particular, according to the scouts, have "can't miss" written all over them.

► Travis Grant of Kentucky State, a 6-ft. 8-in., 225-lb. forward, is rated by a Knicks scout as "the best shooting forward in the country today." A hustling rebounder who plays well at both ends of the court, Grant hit on a remark-

able 68% of his shots this season while averaging 30.7 points a game.

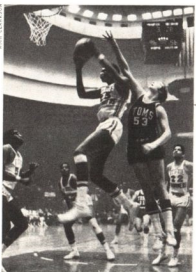
► Fred Hilton of Grambling, a 6-ft. 2-in. guard, is a deadly shot outside and an elusive driver inside. This season Hilton led Grambling to their conference championship by pouring in no fewer than 38 points in key late games.

► Elmore Smith, also of Kentucky State, stands 7 ft. tall, weighs in at 251 lbs. A draft-eligible junior, Smith, according to former Boston Celtics Center Bill Russell, is already capable of stepping into a pro uniform. Like Russell, he has the agility and range to block shots anywhere in the keyhole. A hook-shot artist, Smith averaged 27 points and 26 rebounds a game this season.

► Kendall Mayfield of Tuskegee, 6 ft. 1 in., has topped 40 points in five games this year. Says one scouting report: "Excellent outside. Good driver. Takes opponents to basket well. Very quick. Has poise." William Berker, chief scout for the Los Angeles Lakers, goes even further: "Mayfield is the best college player in the U.S. today."



GRANT GOING UP



SMITH REBOUNDING



HILTON STRIDING LONG

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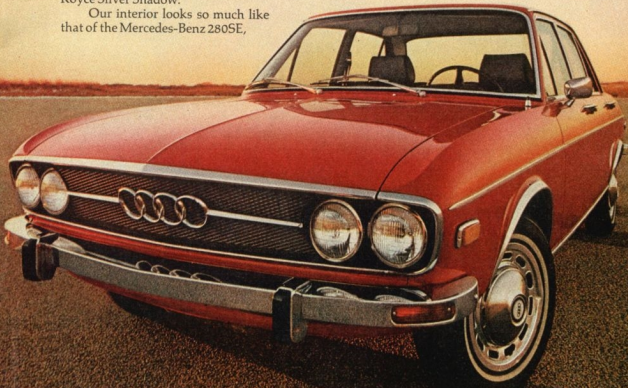
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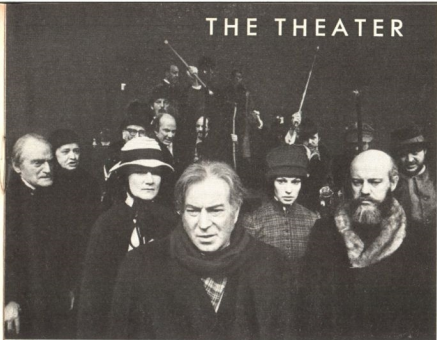
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THE THEATER



STEPHEN ELLIOTT (CENTER) IN "AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE"

JOHN VILLER

Moral Pollution

A poor Norwegian town hopes to become prosperous by attracting tourists to a bathing spa. Dr. Stockmann (Stephen Elliott), the spa medical adviser, discovers that the town's waters are polluted. Stockmann assumes that his brother Peter, the mayor (Philip Bosco), will start an immediate cleanup. Peter adamantly refuses. The doctor believes that a liberal publisher (Conrad Bain) and his crusading editor (David Birney) will print the truth. They turn against him. He tries to rally the populace and is reviled as *An Enemy of the People*. At play's end, the town is morally polluted by the fraud it has elected to live by, and Dr. Stockmann huddles with his family as rocks come pelting through the windows of his home.

When Arthur Miller adapted Ibsen's play in 1950, he was greatly concerned about the abuses of McCarthyism. The wheel of history having turned, present-day audiences will be much more caught up in the ecological aspects of the play. It is ironic that while audiences will root for Stockmann on this contemporary issue, they would probably spurn him as an arrogant elitist if he were running for political office. As unyieldingly committed as was Ibsen himself to the prior claims of the individual conscience, intellect, character and will, Stockmann has no use for "the solid majority." He is for the "isolated, intellectually superior personalities" in society.

Venomous Division. That belief, what might be called the "Coriolanus complex," seems to embarrass Miller. So he tones down or eliminates speeches expressing it in order to spotlight Stockmann as a kind of pioneer spirit of the purely ethical life. As a result, the play becomes something of a tirade against

the venality of small-town existence rather than a broad examination of when, or whether, the democratic principle of majority rule may legitimately be abrogated by a single individual. Certainly, in the realm of ideas one would have to agree with Stockmann: "Before many can know something, *one* must know it." But in the realm of the state, one extremist, even in a righteous cause, may create a psychic disruption, a venomous division between man and man, that can prove as poisonous as any physical pollution.

The present production at Lincoln Center begins slowly but develops cumulative power. Though it is basically a didactic tract, the key players infuse it with crackling personal passion. Stephen Elliott is especially good as Stockmann, and Philip Bosco plays his brother with icy distinction. Sibling rivalry has always been a Miller strong point, and he has the two brothers go at each other like champion boxers.

■ T.E. Kalem

Celluloid-Spliced Lovers

What can you say about a brilliant medieval philosopher-theologian, 37 and virginal, who falls in love with his aptest pupil, the 17-year-old niece of a canon of Notre Dame, has a child by her, marries her and then is castrated by the hired thugs of the irate and possibly incestuous-minded uncle? After all that, Abelard and Heloise live in undying love in separate cloisters. Erich Segal, meet Playwright Ronald Millar, your British opposite number.

No one can really determine whether *Love Story* has saturated the love-story market. If not, *Abelard & Heloise* may glow at the box office despite its sallow dramatic complexion. "Inspired" by Helen Waddell's novel *Peter Abelard*, and

the love letters of Heloise and Abelard, the play actually belongs in the company of operettas, historical romances and three-handkerchief movies. Critical duty virtually stops there; the people who like this sort of thing do so invariably, and the people who don't, don't.

Diana Rigg as Heloise and Keith Michell as Abelard are lovers not so much star-crossed as celluloid-spliced. A playgoer might even feel that he was watching an ad trailer from the film-to-be. Thrill to A & H in a nude scene played in one-watt lighting. Chill as A is symbolically castrated by some sinister leprechauns left over from a ballet of yesteryear. Hiss the uncle. Chortle with a tipsy canon (Ronald Radd) and a tipsier abbess (Jacqueline Brookes). So much for medieval color. In dialogue, Playwright Millar has spared his audience the one line that the show subliminally calls to mind: "This thing is bigger than both of us." The lines that are heard call for the violin sobs of a swelling sound track: "It's indescribable—it's as if we invented a new emotion." Even music might not salvage lines like "These masculine codes, Peter, they have no meaning for a woman," or Abelard bemoaning the secrecy of their marriage: "It shouldn't be like this. All the bells should ring for us!"

These are words from the man who flashed across 12th century Europe like a fiery intellectual comet. Keith Michell has a certain craggy charm, but the stuff of genius has not been written into his part, nor the anguishing ardor of his choice between his vows and his passion. Diana Rigg succeeds rather better, though she lacks vulnerability. There is a gritty, voracious sensuousness about her that finally makes it clear she has found and lost in this man the only god she could ever bring herself to worship.

■ T.E.K.

TONY ESPARZA



RIGG & MICHELL IN "ABELARD"
Thrill, chill, hiss, chortle.

RELIGION

Crackdown in South Africa

"No one who hasn't lived in a police state can understand what living in one is like," says Father Colin Davison. An Anglican priest in South Africa for seven years, Davison ran the educational program of the ecumenical, multiracial Christian Institute there. He was told to leave the country last month and is now back in England. Davison is not alone in his plight. Since Feb. 1, twelve clergymen, all foreign nationals, have been ordered out of South Africa in a harsh silencing of clerical voices that have been raised against *apartheid*.

The U.S. State Department has already protested on behalf of Americans who are being expelled, including three

police of South Africa's special branch, allegedly seeking connections with "subversive" organizations, swept through church offices, headquarters of Christian organizations and homes of church officials and other individuals.

Bitter Pill. The police raids constituted the latest, most serious development in an increasingly bitter confrontation between some South African churchmen and the racist government of Premier Johannes Vorster. While Vorster has repeatedly warned clerics to stay out of "politics," clergymen, especially a number of outspoken Anglicans, have steadfastly refused to ignore *apartheid*. Two events late last year exacerbated the conflict. After the World Council of Churches voted a \$200,000 grant to "anti-rac-

soon be more actively engaged in the fray." "The great majority of white Christians have felt that they could combine Christianity with *apartheid*," notes Roman Catholic Archbishop Denis Hurley of Durban. "But as some Christians become more sensitive to the basic incompatibility between the two, they will force other white Christians to decide where they stand." That may already be happening. One group of Johannesburg Catholics petitioned their bishop for "clear direction . . . before Christian witness is silenced forever."

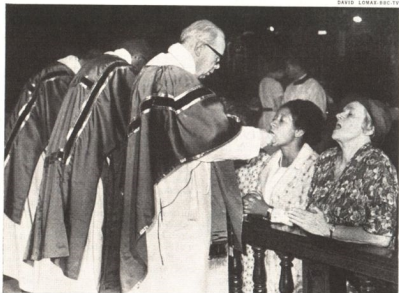
Anglicans Relent

The last major Protestant holdout against a female ministry began to weaken this month when a powerful group of international Anglican leaders gave member churches permission to ordain women. At the end of a two-week session in Nairobi, members of the Anglican Consultative Council voted 24 to 22 to "accept the action of any bishop, who, with the approval of his province, decided to admit a woman to the ministry." The decision will affect some 47 million members of the Anglican Communion in 90 countries.

The phrase "approval of his province" means that bishops should have the consent of the national church. In the case of England, the historic seat of Anglicanism, the approval would have to come not only from the General Synod of the Church of England but also from the Archbishops of Canterbury and York. And Archbishop Michael Ramsey of Canterbury voted against the resolution in Nairobi. "I have no everlasting objection to the ordination of women," said Ramsey last week in London. He believes "it will come," but he adds that "we must not move too rapidly." Like many other Anglican churchmen, Ramsey is worried that the Council's ruling may unsettle relations with the Roman Catholic Church and even more so with Eastern Orthodox churches. Anglican laymen may well raise even greater opposition to the change.

For the U.S., the language of the resolution means that bishops cannot ordain women formally at least until the next General Convention of the Episcopal Church in 1973, and possibly not until 1975. But a sympathetic U.S. bishop could conceivably risk the censure of his fellow bishops by ordaining a woman now; individual bishops have the power to do so, and while such an ordination would be unusual, it would be valid. There are at least 15 Episcopal women waiting for ordination, and some bishops are known to favor their cause.

The first ordination of a woman will probably take place not in the U.S. but in Hong Kong. That would be particularly appropriate; the Hong Kong bishop proposed the action taken by the Council in Nairobi, and it was in Hong Kong during World War II that an earlier bishop ordained a woman. That action was rescinded by the first Lambeth Conference after the war.



DEAN FFRENCH-BEYTAGH DISTRIBUTING COMMUNION
The Archbishop urged action.

Methodist missionaries and a Roman Catholic priest. But deportation is only one of the government tactics. Last week, South Africa's leading black clergyman, the Right Rev. Alpheus Zulu, Anglican Bishop of Zululand, was arrested at a church center outside Johannesburg and questioned at a police station for hours. He was finally charged with failure to have with him the passbook required of all blacks, but refused to pay a \$7 fine and instead demanded the right to appear in court. Bishop Zulu, one of six presidents of the World Council of Churches, is a vocal opponent of *apartheid*. Other South African clergymen have lost their passports; they can also be detained and charged under the country's Suppression of Communism Act. That was the fate in January of the Very Rev. Gonville Ffrench-Beytagh, dean of Johannesburg's Anglican cathedral. Recently, as Ffrench-Beytagh's trial was postponed for "further investigations,"

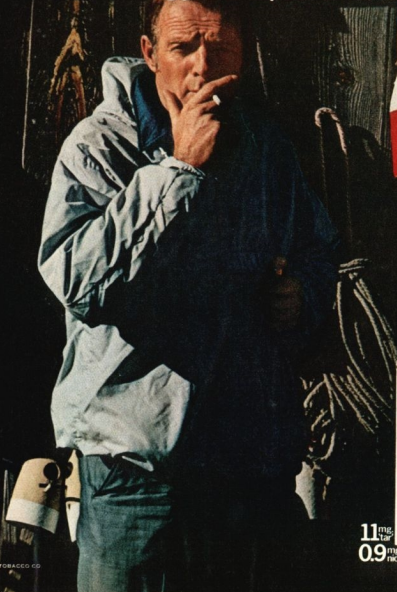
ist" liberation groups in Africa and elsewhere (TIME, Oct. 5), W.C.C. member churches refused to accede to Vorster's demand that they quit the organization. Then came a visit from the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Most Rev. Arthur Michael Ramsey, who not only refused to counsel the clergy away from politics but urged Christian action to counter *apartheid*. Vorster warned that the churches were "headed for a showdown."

So far the showdown has been directed not so much against a denomination as such as against individual critics and anti-*apartheid* organizations like the Christian Institute. Aggressively promoting multiracial cooperation, the institute has been a particularly bitter pill for the government; it is led by Christiaan F. Beyers Naude, an exile from the country's dominant, pro-*apartheid* Dutch Reformed Church.

The churches themselves—with the exception of the Dutch Reformed—may

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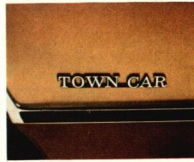
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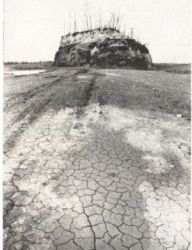
ENVIRONMENT

The Price of Strip Mining

The bleakest landscape in the U.S. can be found where miners have torn away the earth's surface to get at coal deposits. Huge piles of gray debris, aptly called "orphan soil banks," stand like gravestones over land so scarred and acidic that only rodents can live there. The sight is not rare. Using dynamite, bulldozers, great augers and earth movers, working on the surface rather than below ground, strip miners now produce 37% of the nation's annual coal output. They have already ripped up more than 1,800,000 acres. By 1980, if present trends continue, an area roughly the size of Connecticut will have been blasted, gouged, scraped and quarried for coal. After such mining, the land is usually abandoned.

In the ravaged hills of Appalachia, long a focus of conservationists' outrage, surprising steps are being taken to reform surface mining practices. Last week, West Virginia's legislators took into conference committee a bill, passed by the Senate and weakened by the House, that would ban strip mining in 36 still unspoiled counties for one year and limit its growth elsewhere in the state. The battle started last December, when State Secretary John D. Rockefeller IV promoted a bill to abolish surface mining "completely and forever." He was supported by well-organized citizens' groups and the state's underground miners, who want to keep their jobs. But leaders of the United Mine Workers and the coal industry raised key objections. For one, strip mining is more than twice as productive per man day as deep mining. For another, it is safer; about 3,000 of the U.S.'s 104,500 underground coal miners have "black lung" disease, and another 200 die each year in roof falls and related accidents. Whatever the controversial bill's fate, observers were amazed that it got as far as it did.

TVA's Role. In another attack on stripping, three national conservation groups recently filed suit in a federal district court against the Tennessee Valley Authority, the nation's largest purchaser of strip-mined coal and producer of electricity. The Sierra Club, National Resources Defense Council and Environmental Defense Fund seek to void \$101 million worth of TVA's contracts for strip-



APPALACHIAN AFTERMATH

mined coal and to enjoin further purchases. The litigants argue that TVA failed to comply with the Environmental Protection Act's requirement that federal agencies file "impact statements"—in this case, detailing the environmental effects of strip mining. TVA has not yet answered the charges.

The environmentalists designed the suit to force TVA—whose charter includes conservation—to use its influence as a major coal buyer to control the surface miners' practices. The suit names the Kentucky Oak Mining Co. as TVA's principal supplier in eastern Kentucky. Although state reclamation officials have praised Kentucky Oak's efforts to plant apple and peach trees on stripped land and its experiments with terracing, successful reclamation is extremely difficult on the steep slopes. Indeed, residents have few kind words for the company. "They've destroyed the mountains," says Paul Ashley, a leading local opponent of surface mining. "They've destroyed the streams, and their coal trucks have destroyed our roads."

The U.S. Interior Department has estimated that to repair damage caused by strip mining in Appalachia would cost at least \$250 million of taxpayers' money. About 10,500 miles of once-clear Appalachian streams are contaminated by acids, sediments and metals draining from exposed coal beds. Even worse in the residents' eyes are the landslides of debris from "contour" strip mines, which encircle mountains.

Dumped over deep cuts high in the mountains, the "overburden" piles up—until the rains come. Then the mud and boulders roar downhill, snapping big trees like toothpicks and tumbling onto farms, gardens and homes in the hollows below. "I just dread the day," says Alice Slone, principal of a school in Cordia, Ky., "when I'll pick up the phone and find one of the children has been buried in a strip mine slide."

Ravenous Machines. The effects of strip mining are not confined to the hidden valleys of Appalachia. The flatter land over coal deposits, the more easily surface miners can deploy their fantastic King Kong technology. Some new power shovels can scoop up 200 tons in a single bite, then take another gulp a minute later. Even with such ravenous machines working round the clock, all 52 motors screaming, the coal will not run out for centuries. Only 4.5 billion of the nation's 108 billion tons of stripable coal have been touched so far.

The great machines are now crawling over new fields in Arizona and North Dakota, gouging up the mineral mainly to fuel new power generating plants. Reclamation efforts are officially described as "behind schedule." More huge reserves will be tapped in Montana, Utah and Wyoming. Even the land-owners who stand to gain the most from sale of their property fear the result: 42,000 sq. mi. of land—an area larger than Ohio—might be turned into a sterile wasteland.

Nixon's Way. What can be done? West Virginia Congressman Ken Hechler has proposed federal legislation to outlaw strip mining entirely. Though his bill carries the names of 35 co-sponsors from 16 states, no one expects Congress to pass it. Until other safe energy sources are developed, the nation's power plants demand the cheap coal that stripping can provide. Other critics urge that mined-out areas become garbage dumps for nearby cities which have a pressing need for disposal grounds. The rationale is that decomposing organic matter would eventually enrich the sour earth.

The most likely answer is new legislation to enforce reclamation. Some environmentalists point to laws in parts of Europe that make strip miners restore the land to the condition in which they found it—with rocks and subsoil below and topsoil above, all limed, reseeded and fertilized. Such procedures

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in the U.S. would cost more per acre (at least \$2,000) than an acre of prime mining land. Even so, President Nixon has already asked Congress to pass a bill that would at least make a dent in the problem—and consumers' pocketbooks. It would impose federal standards on states that refused to draw up adequate strip mining laws in two years. The regulations would be designed to "prevent or substantially reduce" water pollution, landslides, fires and "hazards to public health and safety." The cost of protecting the environment around strip mines would be passed on to coal consumers. But given the alternative of land ruined for all uses for decades, the price does not seem too high.

The Billboard Caper

In zesty raids near Chicago last fall, an environmental guerrilla dubbed "the Fox" enraged polluters and entranced citizens by stopping up factory chimneys, plugging sewers and sloshing corporate offices with smelly river muck (TIME, Oct. 5). Still uncaught, the Fox recently gained an equally anonymous ally: "The Billboard Bandit," a single-minded commando devoted to beautifying the roadside near Monroe, Mich.

In two weeks the Bandit's roaring chain saw sliced foot-thick support poles and topped 35 offensive billboards along U.S. Highway 23. Where motorists once skimmed stirring legends like "Stuckey's Famous Pecans—2 Miles Ahead," they now have only trees and farmland to gaze upon.

Legal Conundrum. Last week the crime was apparently solved, but not before four more billboards bit the dust along Interstate 96 north of Ann Arbor, Mich. Arrested by suspicious police, who spotted an ax and a saw in the back of their car, six Ann Arbor high school boys readily admitted that they were billboard bandits. All excellent students, the bandits include the president of the senior class at Huron High School, a member of the senior executive board, a member of the student council and a debater who most recently distinguished himself by his analysis of Government anti-pollution programs.

Booked on felony charges ("malicious destruction of property"), the suspects freely acknowledged their raids on Interstate 96, but all pleaded innocent—thus posing a nice legal conundrum for prosecuting attorneys. The trouble is that all billboards along Michigan's interstate highways became illegal in 1966, when a new state law required state highway officials to remove or relocate such signs at least 660 ft. from the road. Since Michigan officials widely ignored the law, the students figured that cutting down outlaw signs was all in a good cause. A judge may have a different opinion, but the cutters are sure of their ground. "When the state is negligent in its duty," insists Stanley Pollock, 17, "then someone has to act."



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THE PRESS

Catching Up to Rodale Press

Back in the 1950s, *Prevention* magazine catered to an esoteric group. Sprinkled among ads for rose-hips tablets, kelp and dolomite toothpaste were articles that were far ahead of their time: cautions against the use of DDT, attacks on phosphate detergents, warnings against excessive cholesterol intake. Now, 21 years after it started, *Prevention* retains its basic premise: that nature should not be tampered with and abused, but studied and used. It is a magazine idea whose circulation has come.

J.I. (for Jerome Irving) Rodale, founder of *Prevention* and nine other Rodale Press publications, admits that "we attracted a lot of cultist types in the begin-

cer, he started an electrical equipment business with his brother in 1923. In 1930, his ambitions turned to publishing, and within a few years he started several magazines, including *Fact Digest* and *Health Guide*. "It was while reading for these magazines," he recalls, "that I discovered the writings of the English soil biologist Sir Albert Howard, who was experimenting with organically grown crops for cattle." Rodale gave up his little magazines and bought a 60-acre farm outside Allentown, Pa., to test Howard's methods. In the spring of 1942 he started *Organic Gardening* to pass along his discoveries. Ever since, Rodale has religiously followed his own advice to eat only pure foods, avoid refined white sugar and

zines: *Fitness for Living* (circ. 165,000), about exercise; and *Compost Science* (circ. 12,000), about how best to dispose of wastes and recycle them into fertilizer.

After health, Rodale's love is the theater, and while he courts it he turns over most of his editorial duties to his son, Robert, 40. So far, J.I. has written 33 plays on almost every subject imaginable, but only ten have been produced—mainly in high schools and universities. His most successful play, *The Hairy Falsetto*, written seven years ago (the title is a takeoff on Ionesco's *The Bald Soprano*), uses ecology for its theme. In 1967 Rodale began a slick, TIME-size magazine, *Theatre Crafts* (circ. 30,000), directed to the trade. But with the exception of *Prevention* and *Organic Gardening*, all his publications are in the red. Rodale does not seem concerned. "The health magazines are growing fast and the cash register is ringing," he says.

The Walkout Continues

If Willie Morris had looked back when he resigned as *Harper's* editor (TIME, March 15), he would have found he was leading a parade. Last week six more *Harper's* editors decided to follow him out. They acted after a frequently bitter and fruitless confrontation with *Harper's* Chairman John Cowles Jr. One who resigned, Contributing Editor David Halberstam, said of the meeting: "Either we were speaking in Chinese and he was listening in English, or we were speaking in English and he was listening in Chinese."

Even without translation, Cowles did spell out some of the owners' dissatisfaction in a statement he read to begin the meeting. While the magazine was losing money over the past few years, he said, *Harper's* nevertheless "dramatically increased" Morris' editorial and promotional budgets, hoping to gain in newsstand sales and subscription renewal rates. Neither hope was fulfilled. "The magazine as presently constituted cannot live only on favorable press notices and dinner party conversation," Cowles said. He also insisted that *Harper's* content be guided more by reader surveys—an idea Morris refused even to discuss and which the resigning editors found equally unpalatable. Cowles, pointing out that *Harper's* is, in effect, being kept afloat by the parent Minneapolis Star and Tribune Co., even hinted he might pull the plug in preference to "indefinitely" subsidizing the magazine. Publicly, Cowles said that he has "every intention" of continuing publication of *Harper's*.

The editors, who had hoped to get from Cowles a pledge to keep *Harper's* as it is and to play a major role in the choice of a new editor (their choice: Managing Editor Robert Kotlowitz), were frustrated on both counts. Along with Kotlowitz and Halberstam, Contributing Editors Marshall Frady, John Corry, Larry King and John Hollander resigned. They left behind two major questions: Who would the new editor be and what mandate would he have?



J.I. RODALE SAMPLING SUNFLOWER
The runt of the litter is a big man now.

ning." Since January 1968, however, spurred by the interest in ecology and health, *Prevention's* circulation has doubled, reaching 940,000 this month. At the current growth rate, Rodale expects it to hit the 1,000,000 mark by June. Ad revenues are climbing just as fast. Last year's total was \$2,900,000, six times what it was ten years ago.

Several Miles a Day. *Organic Gardening and Farming*, founded in 1942, is the oldest of Rodale's magazines; it really caught on only in 1966. Like *Prevention*, it has changed little since it started. Pesticides, for example, have always been the bane of *Organic Gardening's* existence, and even its more arcane bits of advice (plant marigolds around a vegetable garden to discourage root-eating nematodes) have now become accepted practice. Since last June, circulation has jumped more than 100,000 and now stands at 670,000.

Rodale describes himself as "the runt of a litter of eight, and not a healthy child." The son of a New York City gro-

walk several miles a day. Although 72 and snow-haired, he looks and acts like a much younger man.

Live It Up. Neither *Prevention* nor *Organic Gardening* can be judged by their covers, which carry handsome color pictures on a white background. Inside, the digest-size magazines are printed on cheap paper, which makes the text seem intriguingly illicit. The feeling is emphasized by the ads, filled with small type and irresistible headlines. **LIVE IT UP . . . AND LIVE IT UP! DESICATED LIVER TABLETS! OR: LET "LIVING JUICES" HELP KEEP YOUR BODY HEALTHY AND IN SHAPE!** Rodale runs an ad for his own book, *Happy People Rarely Get Cancer*. *Prevention's* editorial copy covers an impressively wide range of subjects on environment, ecology and health. Recent issues, for example, carried articles titled: "Diet Can Improve Sexual Health," "Pure Air Can Be Found—in Bottles," "Food and Aluminum Don't Mix." Rodale puts out two other health- and earth-oriented maga-

THE LAW

All or Nothing for C.O.s

According to the draft law enacted by Congress in 1967, no person shall be "subject to combatant training and service in the armed forces of the U.S. who, by reason of religious training and belief, is conscientiously opposed to participation in war in any form."

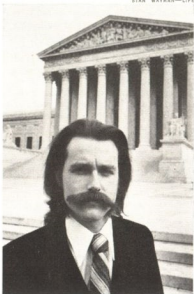
Behind this language lies a steady expansion of the scope of conscientious objection. In World War I, the draft law exempted from combat only members of "peace churches" like the Quakers. By 1940, conscientious objectors no longer had to belong to a church or other religious organization. In 1965, the Supreme Court held that objectors need not believe in a "Supreme Being." Last June, the court ruled that the 1967 law exempts "all those whose consciences, spurred by deeply held moral, ethical or religious beliefs, would give them no rest or peace if they allowed themselves to become a part of an instrument of war."

But what of those young men who feel that way only about the war in Viet Nam, rather than all wars in general? Last week, in a long-awaited decision, the Supreme Court held 8 to 1 that conscientious objection is an all-or-nothing proposition. It does not exempt those, however sincere, who object to some wars but not others.

Just and Unjust. The two losers in the case came to the court from opposite ends of the country and different ethical viewpoints. Guy P. Gillette, a rock musician from Yonkers, N.Y., was ready to fight for the U.S. in the event of an attack or help in any United Nations peace-keeping mission. But Gillette, now 25, refused induction because, he said, his humanist views forbade him to take part in the "unjust" Viet Nam conflict.

Louis Negre, a gardener in Bakersfield, Calif., is a French immigrant whose family came to the U.S. partly because of their opposition to French involvement in Viet Nam. Negre, 23, said no to the military only after completing basic training and receiving orders to Viet Nam, by which time he was sure that he could not be in good conscience fight there. A devout Roman Catholic, he sought a court-ordered discharge from the Army on the ground that Catholic theology permits a distinction between just and unjust wars. "Each Catholic," he argued, "must form his own conscience in respect to military service."

Gillette and Negre claimed, among other things, that the draft law violates the First Amendment ban against governmental "establishment of religion." It does so, they said, by favoring denominations that preach total pacifism while penalizing others that oppose only unjust wars. Speaking for the court majority, Justice Thurgood Marshall noted



GUY GILLETTE
Sincerity does not count.

that the establishment clause requires that "when government activities touch on the religious sphere, they must be secular in purpose, evenhanded in operation and neutral in primary impact." By exempting objectors to all wars, Marshall held, Congress properly focused on individual consciences, not sectarian affiliations. It also avoided administrative chaos, which would have deepened "bitterness and cynicism" among draftees. How, for example, could a draft board fairly decide whether a man's objections to a particular war were matters of con-

science or politics? Soon boards would be mired in theological and political debates far beyond their depth.

Worse Danger. As Marshall saw it, only the objector to all wars has "a claim that is distinct enough and intense enough to justify special status, while the objector to a particular war does not." Balancing competing interests, as the Supreme Court must, Marshall concluded that the national interest in respecting the conscientious claims of single-war objectors is outweighed by the nation's need to raise armies and assure those who do serve that the Selective Service is impartial.

Only Justice William O. Douglas disagreed. Said Douglas: "I had assumed that the welfare of the single human soul was the ultimate test of the vitality of the First Amendment." But a high-ranking Justice Department official, "much relieved" by the decision, offered a different perspective. Said he: "I just don't think the U.S. could operate now or in the future if it had allowed a draftee to fight only in the war of his choice." If the ruling had been otherwise, he added, "Congress might have felt that it had no choice but to disallow all conscientious objections to war."

Finally, a Jury

Week after week, the stalled courtroom clock in New Haven symbolized the jury selection in the kidnap-murder trial of Black Panther Chairman Bobby Seale and Mrs. Erika Huggins. In all, 1,550 persons were called and 1,035 prospective jurors actually questioned. Last week, after four months, the fatiguing process ended when two alternates (one black, one white) joined five blacks and seven whites in one of the most painfully culled panels in U.S. history.

The defendants are being tried on charges stemming from the slaying of Alex Rackley, a fellow Panther and alleged police informer. Like many defense lawyers, Seale's attorney, Charles Garry, sees his client as a victim. He insists that a black militant cannot obtain a panel of impartial jurors from voter rolls, which are stocked largely with white, middle-class citizens. None of them, he claims, "could possibly judge an enemy of the Establishment."

Calmly trying to deflate that notion, Superior Court Judge Harold Mulvey allowed great latitude to defense attorneys to probe for latent prejudices in prospective jurors. If a white man innocently remarked that he had nothing against "them," the defense swarmed all over him. A factory foreman who said that "my lead man is a colored boy" was later dismissed. Seale's own prejudices, in fact, affected the proceedings. When Garry questioned a white employee of the Schick Safety Razor Co., for example, Seale scribbled on paper: "His eyes don't blink. MECHANICAL CHAUVINIST." Garry used one of his last challenges to excuse the man.



LOUIS NEGRE
Catholicism does not help.

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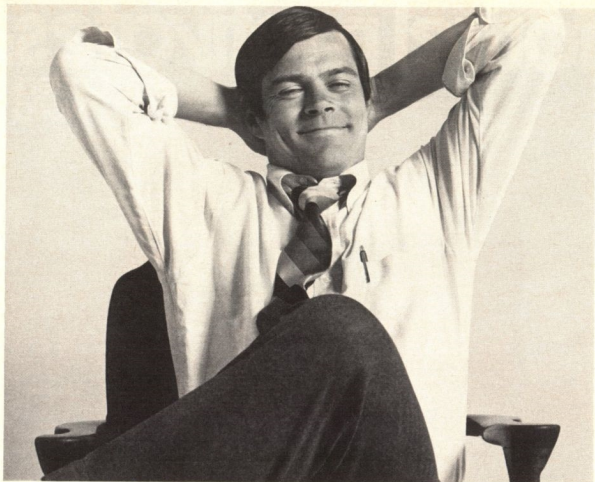
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Despite the tedium, the atmosphere was tense from the beginning. After Mrs. Huggins' attorney, Catherine Roraback, noticed a prospective juror trembling on the stand, she asked, "Are you afraid of my client?" The reply was a shaky "yes." Scores of veniremen, faced with the prospect of months away from their jobs and families, were swiftly excused simply because they stated that they had an opinion of the defendants' guilt. "These people aren't dumbbells," Mulvey commented. "They don't want to sit on this case."

Three weeks ago, having exhausted its peremptory challenges (dismissal without stating reasons), the defense asked the court to shut off further questioning of veniremen and allow the trial to proceed with the eleven jurors already selected. "If there is to be any semblance of a fair trial," argued Garry, "we should go to trial with the jury we now have." Judge Mulvey rejected the motion and the U.S. Supreme Court let the denial stand.

Does the defense really want an impartial jury? Earlier this month Garry eagerly appeared on TV's *David Frost Show* to attack M.I.T. Political Scientist Edward Jay Epstein, author of a recent *New Yorker* article disproving Garry's claim that U.S. police have murdered 28 Panthers in one year. Garry labeled Epstein a "racist" and "paid agent of the CIA." Such intemperance could hardly be expected to do Seale any good. If any of his jurors saw the TV interview, it might be hard to forget—although they are dutybound to try.

Flunking Job Tests

Two men caught 36 fish, X caught 8 times as many as Y. How many fish did Y catch?

Though many fishermen and most high school graduates could answer "four" in a flash, it was not so easy for 13 black laborers in North Carolina who wanted the Duke Power Co. to promote them to coal handlers. In fact, the company insisted that they take a general intelligence test full of verbal and mathematical puzzles. The men scored low and remained where they were.

Last week the Supreme Court ruled unanimously that the test amounted to unlawful racial discrimination. The record showed that Duke had employed blacks only in menial tasks before the 1964 Civil Rights Act took effect. As soon as it did, a group of blacks sought better jobs and were promptly confronted by a battery of promotion requirements. Workers had to have either a high school diploma or pass the intelligence test, which obviously had little to do with a man's ability to unload coal. The 13 blacks failed the test but were smart enough to challenge the legality of the screening process. Represented by the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund, they argued that the tests illegally excluded them from promotion.

In his majority opinion, Chief Justice

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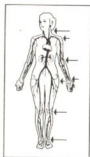
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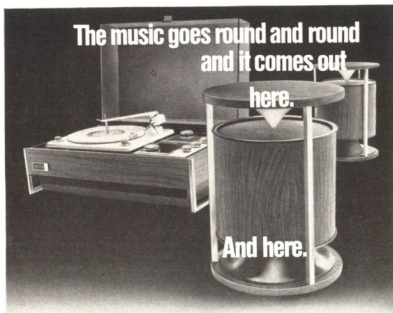
Anacin's systemic pain-reliever has a combined action which experts on arthritis say is one of the most effective to relieve pain and also help reduce inflammation that causes the trouble. And Anacin has such a smooth gentle action it may be taken as directed over a long period of time to provide the continuous anti-inflammatory medication an arthritic needs. See if the regular use of Anacin doesn't help you lead a more active life.

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Warren Burger gave the plaintiffs the broad interpretation of the Civil Rights Act that they had hoped for. "What Congress has commanded," he said, "is that any tests used must measure the person for the job and not the person in the abstract." Burger noted that even general intelligence tests that seemed neutral could work against blacks. "The touchstone is business necessity," he said. "If an employment practice which operates to exclude Negroes cannot be shown to be related to job performance, the practice is prohibited."

A Court Goes to Court

Faced with steeply rising costs for clerks, probation officers and the like, Philadelphia's Court of Common Pleas asked the city council for an extra \$5,230,817. The money, argued the court's judges, was essential to the orderly administration of justice. Turned down, the judges took unusual action: the court went to court, seeking a writ ordering the city to pay.

In a remarkable decision, the Pennsylvania Supreme Court has just found for the Philadelphia judges. Because the three branches of state government are coequal, said the court, "the independent judiciary must possess rights and powers coequal with its functions and duties, including the right and power to protect itself against any impairment thereof." To the city's plea of poverty the court said: "The deplorable financial conditions in Philadelphia must yield to the constitutional mandate that the judiciary shall be free and independent and able to provide an efficient and effective system of justice. The court does not have unlimited power to obtain from the city whatever sums it would like. Its wants and needs must be proved by it to be 'reasonably necessary,' and this is always subject to court review."

Political Compromise. Even though the state court trimmed the final award to \$1,365,555, the city objected to the precedent. It has already asked for a rehearing, vowing to go to the U.S. Supreme Court if necessary. The city council's majority leader, George Schwartz, contends that the decision, in effect, gives courts the right to raise taxes in violation of the separation of powers. According to City Solicitor Levy Anderson, "Elected representatives have the responsibility to determine how much taxation to impose on residents and how to allocate the proceeds for various municipal services and obligations."

Whatever the legal outcome, the ultimate result is likely to be some sort of political compromise. The U.S. system operates best with what the Pennsylvania court called "harmonious cooperation" among the three branches of government. Although the Philadelphia case gives courts some unexpected financial clout, the city council will hardly give up the purse strings. It can always force the court to go to court again if it wants more money than the city is willing to give.

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Unforgettable Self-Delusion

The harpies of legend, having once gripped an artist, are slow to let go. One of their regular victims has been Paul Gauguin. The image of the painter has been yanked, tugged, tortured and distorted by a succession of novels and films starting with Somerset Maugham's *The Moon and Sixpence*.

Moon provided a legend of the theatrical kind that Gauguin himself invited. Here was an archetypal rebel against bourgeois civilization, who quit a prosperous job on the Paris Stock Exchange to find his true artistic self in Tahiti among brown innocents, baptized anew in coconut milk and liberated from his own and Europe's stale past by primitive ritual.

This Tale of the South Pacific has added enormously to the market value of Gauguin's paintings, but it is false in almost every detail. Gauguin's contact with the Noble Savage served mainly to give him the pox. He spoke barely a word of the Tahitians' language, understood nothing of their rituals and social structures, never ate yams or fish when he could afford tinned asparagus and claret, and was prone to copy his scenes of native life from tourist photographs purchased in the grubby colonial port of Papeete. The most advertised side of the legend is also false. Gauguin's art was neither freed nor even significantly changed by the South Seas. When he left France in 1891, he was no Sunday painter but a mature artist with a circle of admirers that included Van Gogh, Maurice Denis and the Symbolist poets. Tahiti served only to inject new subjects into a vision and manner that had already set. This fact, crucial to an understanding of Gauguin's art, is elegantly documented in a selection of his pre-Tahiti paintings that opens this week at the Cincinnati Art Museum. The show runs from Gauguin's first semi-impressionist works of the early 1870s through a spectrum of influences to the full development of his style at Arles and Pont-Aven in the late 1880s. And it provides useful insights upon one of the more picturesque figures in early modernism, whose career demonstrated that unforgettable images could be drawn from a system of self-delusion.

Prudish Swagger. Unlike the Impressionists, Gauguin did not paint what he saw: he chose to see what he wanted to paint. And his ideas on what was paintable grew out of other art—from the broad color patches and rhythmic line of Japanese cloisonné and wood-

block prints, from rural Breton sculpture and the flattened, monumental figures of a French artist he greatly admired, Puvis de Chavannes. Style absorbed him—not only the priapic swagger and ebullience of his own life-style, but the pervasive feedback of art style into nature. Even the fierce colors which scandalized some of his contemporaries were meant to be remote from nature. "Imagine," he once wrote, alluding to the purples, reds and chrome yellows he loved, "a confused collection of pottery twisted by the furnace!" In fact, he saw the world through art-colored spectacles.



PAUL GAUGUIN (1888)
And what language did Eve speak?

"It's odd that Vincent feels the influence of Daumier here," he wrote from Arles in 1888, where he was living with Van Gogh. "I, on the contrary, see Puvis subjects in their Japanese colorings. Women here with their elegant coiffure have a Greek beauty. In all events, here is a fountain of beauty, modern style." These are not the sentiments of a primitive. What Gauguin exalted as "primitivism" really meant two things: rejecting illusionism in favor of abstract, decorative color and flat pattern, and a distrust of bourgeois morals and technology. This distrust produced in him a deep nostalgia for a vanished and largely imaginary Paradise. The voyage to Tahiti, like Gauguin's earlier trip to Panama and Martinique, was an attempt to find that Eden in real life.

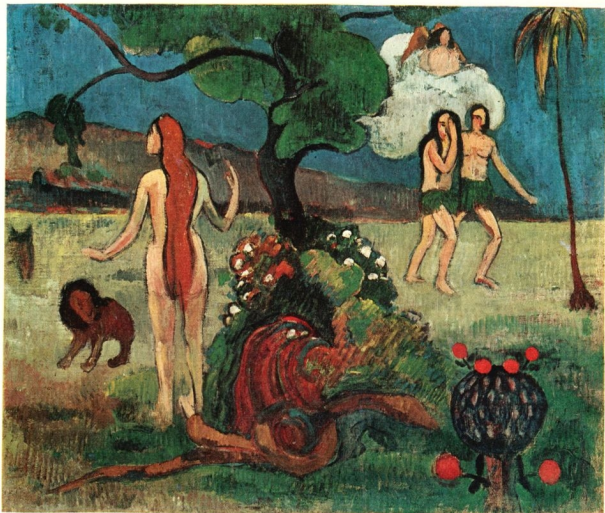
But the style he took with him was far from primitive. In Arles and Pont-Aven, Gauguin was already flattening his images completely against the picture plane. The colors of *In the Garden of the Hospital at Arles*, 1888, butt against each other like glowing pieces of tile; and one has only to compare the pot of yellow blooms in *Van Gogh Painting Sunflowers*, 1888, with Van Gogh's own sunflowers to see the contrast between Gauguin's taste for generalization about shape and Van Gogh's obsessive vision of spiky, unfolding life in the flowers themselves. Reacting to the interest in mysticism that reigned in Symbolist circles in Paris (and probably to the curiosity about

drugs and trances that had survived in French intellectual life since Baudelaire), Gauguin painted *Nirvana* around 1889. The sinuous line turned his dwarfish friend Meyer de Haan into a curiously uncertain footnote to Art Nouveau. But *The Ham* is one of the supreme moments in French still life; not even Cézanne could have surpassed the truth of its firm, dense patterning, the gray table top and smoky red meat held in parentheses between two swathes of orange wall.

Amorous Harmony. Only this magisterial grasp of form could sustain Gauguin's later art through his own sentimentality about primitive life and keep him working against a reality which brutally confounded his expectations. "I shall be able," he wrote to his stolid Danish wife Mette before he left France, "to listen to the sweet murmuring music of my heart's beating in the silence of the beautiful tropical nights. I shall be in amorous harmony with the mysterious beings of my environment." The language reads disconcertingly like a Honolulu tourist brochure. Its abstraction suggests memory at work—one theory is that Gauguin's tropic seeking was an effort to recapture the childish happiness of a time his family spent

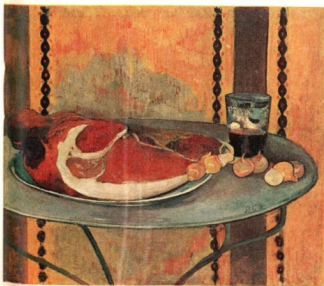
in Peru as houseguests of a rich uncle—as well as a kind of religious hope. "It seems that Eve did not speak negro, but good God! what language did she speak, she and the serpent?" he demanded in a letter to his fellow painter Emile Bernard in 1889. *Adam and Eve, or Paradise Lost*, 1890, was the visual counterpart to that question. Gauguin painted its writhing silhouettes of green foliage against an unnaturally dark cobalt sky in France long before he ever saw Tahiti. But there is no difference at all between it and the more elaborate reworkings of primal innocence and guilt that he would produce in the South Seas. All the imagery of Paradise was in his head already. He went there not to see it, but to live it.

■ Robert Hughes



"Adam and Eve, or Paradise Lost," 1890.

Gauguin Before Tahiti: The Early Years



THE WADSWORTH ATHENEUM

THE PHILLIPS COLLECTION, WASHINGTON, D.C.



"Nirvana" (Portrait of Meyer de Haan), ca. 1889.

"The Ham," ca. 1889.



"Van Gogh Painting Sunflowers," 1888.

"In the Garden of the Hospital at Arles," 1888.



MUSIC & DANCE

Living Children

Gian Carlo Menotti scribbled away at arias and orchestrations right up to the final dress rehearsal. So did the copyists. Despite the furious round-the-clock push, the official first night of *The Most Important Man* at the New York City Opera had to be set back six days. Said a weary Menotti: "It will kill me one day. I'll have a heart attack, I know it."

All the activity, including the fatalistic rhetoric, is by and large a familiar libretto at any Menotti premiere. For he is the owner of one of the most monumental writer's blocks in operatic history. In 1951, for example, he was so desperate to get out of a commissioned job from NBC television that he offered to give back his \$5,000 fee. "Nothing doing," said NBC, and Menotti eventually came up with that bright and sturdy Christmas evergreen, *Anahl and the Night Visitors*. All told, Menotti has been cornered by circumstances enough times to produce a larger number of effective popular operas than any composer since Puccini and Strauss.

For *The Most Important Man*, Menotti has turned out music that follows the pleasant, well-traveled road of early 20th century Italian opera. His story is a simplistic, easy-to-follow tale of blacks v. whites. In a contemporary "white state" in Africa, a young black scientist, Toimé Ukamba (Baritone Eugene Holmes), makes a discovery—happily undisclosed in the libretto—that will not only be beneficial to all mankind but will make the country that possesses it the most powerful in the world. The rulers of the state are something less than thrilled that a black has become their "most important man," and Toimé soon finds himself in bitter—and ultimately fatal—conflict with the white community.

No Masks. None of the characters are very believable, even by opera's standards. Menotti's style, as always, is symbolic *verismo*, and his principal theme in *The Most Important Man* is that whites, despite frequent good intentions, are unable to live up to their promises to blacks. "We have made the gesture, but we have not accepted blacks emotionally," Menotti explains. Musically, *The Most Important Man* is blatantly eclectic. Strains of Richard Strauss float from the pit during one interlude. By the final duet between Toimé and his white girl friend Cora (Soprano Joanna Bruno), Menotti is unashamedly into the heart-throbbing lyricism of Puccini. Much less original than his 1950 Broadway success *The Consul*, or even his recent and endearing children's opera *Help! Help! The Globolinks*, the new opera hardly represents a step forward for Menotti. Yet its smooth orchestrations—notably a deft use of African rhythms in Act II—and easy-to-take arias could well make it a favorite with many Menotti fans.

Being old-fashioned has never bothered Menotti any more than the complaints of avant-garde critics who consistently patronize him. He is what he is, and proud of it. "In art, there is no use wearing masks," he says. Among the fashionable masks he refuses to wear is that of twelve-tone music. Like England's Benjamin Britten, Menotti is well aware that after 50 or more years, serialism and atonality have never become a common "spoken" language. He doubts that they ever will. "Atonal music," he says flatly, "is essentially pessimistic. It is incapable of expressing joy or humor." Menotti is correct about the joylessness of atonality. What he has failed to detect is the vast freedom that atonality has given certain contemporary composers who care about ex-



BRUNO & HOLMES IN "MAN"
Alone, except for people.

ploring the anxious mind and soul of modern man.

Still, Menotti has already played a decisive historical role in contemporary opera. His success with *The Medium* (1946) and *The Telephone* (1947), for example, may or may not have had an influence on such subsequent works as Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress* (1951) and Poulenc's *La Voix Humaine* (1958), but they clearly helped create an audience for contemporary opera.

That does not mean that Menotti has already been consigned to history. Upwards of a thousand performances of his 13 operas are given every year. Says Menotti: "All I can say about my operas is that I have no dead children, which is the most a composer can hope for. I know I am alone in my road. I don't meet many critics or colleagues there—just people, which is very pleasant."

• William Bender

Doing the Thing You Do Best

"What is there in the terminology of dance that implies a ballerina and a *danseur noble* must be white?" asks Arthur Mitchell. The answer is "Nothing." As living and moving proof there is the career of Mitchell himself, the first (and only) black soloist with George Balanchine's New York City Ballet. Now there is also the Harlem Dance Theater, founded by Mitchell scarcely two years ago.

Last week Mitchell's new company gave its more or less official New York debut at Broadway's ANTA Theater. It was not so much a debut as a revelation. Traditionally, black American dance students have been consistently steered away from classical ballet and toward the supposedly more "suitable" fields of modern, ethnic or Broadway-chorus dancing. The Harlem Dance Theater performances showed beyond doubt that the practice was based not on rhyme but on prejudiced unreason.

Affecting Awkwardness. Considering Mitchell's own background, it was no surprise that the troupe sometimes looked a bit like a beige and sepia training school for the New York City Ballet. A trifle raw and stiff, Mitchell's young dancers nevertheless brought to the stage a springlike vitality and joy very much their own. Their version of Jerome Robbins' *Afternoon of a Faun*, a staple of the City Ballet Repertory, did not have the studied, languid ease customarily provided by Balanchine's company, but it did project an affecting awkwardness and feeling entirely appropriate to a story about young dancers. Especially entrancing as the girl who stirs a narcissistic ballet student (Clover Mathis) from his daydreams was Lydia Abarca, 19, a native New Yorker who has been dancing for less than two years. Lithe and feathery, she exuded a quality of virginal nubility—and she displayed the eye-commanding presence that is the mark of a potential star.

To help his company along, Arthur Mitchell was forced to turn choreographer, almost by accident he has thus established himself as the most promising dance creator to emerge from the Balanchine ranks in recent years. *Fête Noire*, based on a Shostakovich score, is a neo-classic Russian romp set in some imaginary imperial salon. At once crisp and buoyant, it demonstrates how well Mitchell has grasped the real secret of Balanchine's genius—the mastery of the logic and geometry of bodies in motion. By contrast, Mitchell's *Rhythmtron* is a throbbing, stylized Afro-Latin tribal ritual set to a score for 33 percussion instruments by Brazilian Composer Marlos Nobre—a perfect vehicle for the company's restless, half-tamed energy.

The birth of the Harlem Dance Theater stems indirectly from the death of Martin Luther King. At the time, Mitchell was directing the National Company of Brazil. King's assassination prompted

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him to ask himself what he could do for his own people back home. The answer: "Pay homage to the thing you do best." With the help of a Ford Foundation grant and the teaching skills of Karel Shook, the American-born ballet master of The Netherlands National Ballet, Mitchell was able to launch the Harlem company in the fall of 1969.

The troupe was—and is—small. Of the 24 members, only six have had any prior training to speak of outside the company—notably Walter Raines, 27, a muscular middleweight who had performed with the Stuttgart Ballet, and Virginia Johnson, 21, out of the Washington School of Ballet, a willowy beauty with the poses and proportions of a princess. The rest have been drawn from the ranks of some 800 black students



MATHIS & ABARCA IN "FAUN"
More revelation than debut.

who study at the Dance Theater's school, set up in a Harlem church.

At 36, Mitchell should be at the peak of his own career as a soloist. Yet he has virtually abandoned dancing to supervise the growth of The Theater. "I'm not building a monument to myself," he says, "but I know that little black kids from the slums in this country love ballet. It's often the first order and beauty to come into their lives. And I believe there are black dancers with the physique, temperament, stamina and everything else it takes to make what we call a 'born' ballet dancer. We are making dancers in much less time than the book tells you it takes."

And making them very well indeed. After suffering through a shambles-filled rehearsal that preceded the successful ANTA premiere, Mitchell wryly observed: "Let's call it instant theater." An aide more kindly suggested that "instant magic" was the phrase. Right on.

■ John T. Elson

MILESTONES

Died. Whitney M. Young, 49, executive director of the National Urban League (see THE NATION).

Died. Dr. Barry Wood, 60, onetime grid star and noted bacteriologist; of a heart attack; in Boston. Wood was one of the first to publish a paper on penicillin. Later he led in research on the mechanism by which white blood cells fight invading organisms. Wood was named vice president of Johns Hopkins University and hospital in 1955, heading its department of microbiology from 1959 until his death. He was to have received the Kober award, the Association of American Physicians' highest tribute, in May.

Died. Philo Taylor Farnsworth, 64, electronics prodigy who conceived and developed the techniques that made modern television possible; after a long illness; in Salt Lake City. Farnsworth was 15 when he formulated his theory for transmitting pictures electronically. Then he set about developing individual components. In 1927, he filed for the patent on a complete television system. Early financial backing came from James J. Fagan, a San Francisco banker, who studied Farnsworth's idea and remarked: "Well, that is a damn fool idea, but someone ought to put money into it."

Died. Harold Lloyd, 77, comedian whose screen image of horn-rimmed incompetence made him Hollywood's highest-paid star in the 1920s; of cancer; in Hollywood. He usually played a feckless Mr. Average who triumphed over misfortune. "My character represented the white-collar middle class that felt frustrated but was always fighting to overcome its shortcomings," he once explained. Lloyd usually did his own stunt work, as in *Safety Last* (1923), in which he dangled from a clock high above the street; he was protected only by a wooden platform two floors below.

Died. Rockwell Kent, 88, noted artist and acerbic Socialist; in Plattsburg, N.Y. Poet Louis Untermeyer called him "not a person at all, but an organization." His first small success came in 1914 as an illustrator; Kent incorporated himself, sold shares in Artist Kent, Inc. and headed for Alaska. The resulting art was so successful that he bought the outstanding shares in himself and dissolved the corporation. His mature works, especially illustrations for volumes of Shakespeare, Melville, Whitman and Chaucer, have become collectors' items. An admirer of the Soviet Union, he had his passport revoked in 1950; when the Soviets awarded him the Lenin Peace Prize in 1967, he donated \$10,000 of it to the Viet Cong. But, exclaimed Kent, "thank God I don't live there. If I did, and didn't trim my sails, I'd be liquidated."

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The advertisement appears concise and to the point. Only thing is: What point? Are the Busicks alerting a bookie to their late-starting favorites at Pimlico? Notifying fellow CIA agents of the terms of a prisoner-exchange operation? Not at all. The message appeared in the monthly publication of the National Jim Beam Bottle and Specialties Club; the Bluejay is a ceramic decanter, as is the St. Louis Arch, and the Busicks themselves are two

ing written about bottles, so I decided to do something about it." Doing something, Cembura's way, consisted of founding antique-bottle clubs, as well as a separate organization for modern-bottle collectors ("The oldtimers," Cembura says, "are snobbish. They are only interested in bottles 60 years old or older"). Cembura's pioneer "Jim Beam Bottle Clubs of the U.S." boasted a membership of ten in 1966; today there is a national network of more than 30 affiliates, with an active total membership of well over 15,000.

Big Bertha, Bulletins and magazines alert collectors to sales, trades and finds in the bottle market. Dubuque, Iowa's weekly *Antique Trader*, for example, regularly carries at least 15 pages devoted to the fad; a recent issue listed such hot items as Ezra Brooks' Big Ber-



COLLECTOR CEMBURA & BOTTLES
With liquor, \$8; without, \$400.

of the estimated 50,000 Americans currently engaged in what is perhaps the country's fastest-growing hobby—bottle collecting.

Hapless Gamblers. Not filled bottles, but empties. The fancy packaging (animal, bird and political figurines), initiated in the mid-'50s by the James B. Beam Distilling Co. as a spur to liquor sales, boosted sales all right, but not just by drinkers. The bottles turned out to be every bit as intoxicating, so much so that a company called Grenadier is now in business primarily to serve "the Connoisseur Collector with the finest examples of porcelain soldier figurines [bottles] available anywhere in the U.S." Moreover, unlike their contents, the bottles have a long-term value: Jim Beam's hapless gambler, clad only in top hat and barrel, sold in 1958 for \$8 filled; today, empty, it commands at least \$400.

Antique bottles are also in demand. California's leading bottle fanatic, retired Home Builder Albert Cembura, remembers his 1960 discovery of a turn-of-the-century still, complete with hundreds of bottles. "I was fascinated," says Cembura, "but when I went to the library, I found there was almost nothing

written about bottles, so I decided to do something about it." Doing something, Cembura's way, consisted of founding antique-bottle clubs, as well as a separate organization for modern-bottle collectors ("The oldtimers," Cembura says, "are snobbish. They are only interested in bottles 60 years old or older"). Cembura's pioneer "Jim Beam Bottle Clubs of the U.S." boasted a membership of ten in 1966; today there is a national network of more than 30 affiliates, with an active total membership of well over 15,000.

Surprisingly, the most expensive bottles are of comparatively recent vintage. Each of the 117 Commemorative Centennial gift bottles issued by Chicago's First National Bank in 1964 now sells for more than \$2,000. And the Spiro Agnew bottle, ordered by the G.O.P. National Committee and presented to contributors at a \$150-a-plate dinner in Washington, D.C., last year, today commands a cool \$2,800. Al Cembura, who sees the fad supplanting the ebbing enthusiasm for coin and gun collecting, insists happily that "this is just the beginning."

Sinerama in Osaka

"We delight in taking this opportunity to extend our sincere felicitations for your midwinter prosperity," said the polite police edict to hotelkeepers in Osaka, Japan. "We also call your attention to a recent case in which a 'pink movie' leaped into the living rooms of some of our citizens from a hotel equipped with a video-tape recording machine. No such leakage will be repeated."

The "pinkie" that inspired the official prose was a film that Japanese censors consider a shade more acceptable than "blue," or hard-core pornographic movies. Pinkies can be shown legally to adult audiences, but this one had appeared without warning on TV screens in nearby homes when the hotel's closed-circuit video system accidentally converted a rooftop steel railing into a transmitting antenna. Police quickly zeroed in on the hotel and shut down the video system—but not before the incident became a *cause célèbre* that pointed up the phenomenal rise in the use of pornographic video tape across Japan.

Glorious Fujicolor. More than 500 of Osaka's "avec" hotels—so called because the Japanese check into them with their lovers—feature the videotape extra. "This is an electronic age," explains Seishichi Sawa, manager of one of Osaka's avecs. "It's natural that our patrons would want to be electronically elevated to a romantic mood."

Operation of the pornnetwork is simple. The tapes are run through a video player at the front desk. When customers drop a pair of 100-yen coins into a slot on a TV set in their rooms, the result is instant pornography, often in glorious Fujicolor. The odds are against tuning in at the beginning of the movie—the tape runs continuously. But picking up a show in midstream makes little difference; one popular pinkie simply follows an energetic coed as she hops in and out of a series of bedrooms.

Video-taped pinkies are beginning to face stern competition. In some of Osaka's hotel rooms, video-tape recorder systems have been installed. A flick of a switch near the pillow starts a video-tape camera recording activity on the bed. Afterward, another switch provides instant replays. Rooms so equipped are in steady demand: one couple attempting to sample the pleasures of an avec hotel was ordered by the maid to wait for a call at a nearby coffeehouse. "All the rooms are occupied," she said, "as usual."

Erotic Bliss. Despite the demand, the hotels charge nothing additional for the service. Most, in fact, offer a remarkable range of extras, including mechanized beds that make a bewildering variety of movements, and even tape recordings of the sounds of erotic bliss. "We Japanese have few fixed ideas when it comes to sex," says Psychologist Kazuo Shimada. "We tend to think anything good should prove good for sex life—even video-tape recording."

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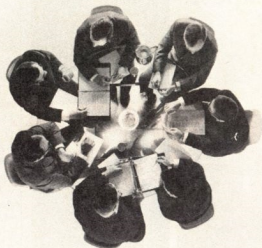
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SHOW BUSINESS



George C. Scott: Tempering a Terrible Fire

I think you have to be schizoid three different ways to be an actor. You've got to be three different people. You have to be a human being. Then you have to be the character you're playing. And on top of that you've got to be the guy sitting out there in Row 10, watching yourself and judging yourself. That's why most of us are crazy to start with, or go nuts once we get into it. I mean, don't you think it's a pretty spooky way to earn a living?

GEORGE C. SCOTT comes as close to fitting his definition of the ideal actor as one man can without breaking apart into three disparate individuals. In his life offstage he has been stubbornly, even violently individual; when he is acting, he creates a character and hides his individuality with singular success; as the man in Row 10, he is a perfectionist critic, more demanding of himself than of those around him. In more than a dozen stage and screen roles in a steadily growing career, Scott has demonstrated that he is one of the best of contemporary actors. His talent is both subtle and obvious; it makes his art at once unsettlingly real yet larger than life.

It is no accident that Scott's tripartite ideal is a human being first. His own life, and his intuitive ability to use it at the right time in the right role, is his fundamental resource. As a great actor, he achieves something new in every part—something of himself reborn, fathered by insight, nurtured by skill and imagination. Scott also offers something more. Always, just below the surface, there is an incessant drumbeat of anger. Says José Ferrer, who directed him in *The Andersonville Trial* on Broadway: "It's a concentrated fury, a sense of inner rage, a kind of controlled madness."

In his personal life, Scott has often lost that control—with dramatic ferocity. When he is acting, he makes his rage work for him: it produces a consistent, overwhelming image of strength in all of the varied characters he so convincingly creates. And it is that projection of strength that makes so many of his parts almost tangible in a viewer's memory. Anyone who recalls one George C. Scott can easily see half a dozen: the unctuous gambler Bert Gordon in *The Hustler*; the slithering prosecutor in *Anatomy of a Murder*, squinting at witnesses through slit eyes like a starving mongoose ready for the kill; the self-destructive doctor in *Petulia*; the cool, clipped English sleuth in *The List of Adrian Messenger*; General Buck Turgidson in *Dr. Strangelove*, slapping his burlesque paunch and producing a sound like a thunderclap from Olympus, wrestling the Russian ambassador to the floor of the war room as the world ends with a comic bang.

Rain Through the Cloud

Most recently, and perhaps most familiarly, he played General George S. Patton, the flamboyant commander of the 3rd Army in World War II. It was a performance that transformed a rather ordinary war movie into an astonishing personal tour de force and won him an Oscar nomination. Characteristically, he declined Hollywood's gilded accolade. He professes as much indifference to screen acting as to its awards. "Film is not an actor's medium," Scott says. "You shoot scenes in order of convenience, not the way they come in the script, and that's detrimental to a fully developed performance. There's the terrible tedium and boredom involved in waiting around for the camera to be set up, and then you have to turn on and off when they do the scene over

again. When you see the rushes is the first time you begin to judge your performance. If you get 50% of what you hoped for, you're lucky." Although Scott's batting average, even in his off moments, is generally a good deal higher, he maintains that his real commitment is to the legitimate theater. Even now, when he is filming a movie entitled *The Last Run*, about an over-the-hill hood ("I'm doing it because it reminds me of old Bogart pictures"), he is reading the script for Neil Simon's new play, *God's Favorite*, and eagerly blocking out his schedule so that he will be able to star in it come the fall of '72.

Despite his tempered disdain for movies, Scott is devoted to acting—in any medium. And like many who excel at what they do and are aware of their excellence, Scott sometimes speaks offhandedly of his art. Still, his comments add up to a valuable handbook for actors (see box, page 66). No matter what part he plays, Scott surrounds himself completely with the assignment. "If you get enough around you, like a cloud," he says, "some of it's got to rain through."

He has an uncanny command of stagecraft, that arsenal of small gestures and bits of business that an actor uses to establish his character for the audience. In the final scene of a 1962 production of *The Merchant of Venice*, Scott, playing Shylock, held a handkerchief belonging to his daughter Jessica. The production was staged outdoors, near a lake in New York's Central Park, and every night a gentle wind blew across the stage. To signify Shylock's loss of Jessica, Scott simply released the handkerchief, and the wind carried it away. In O'Neill's *Desire Under the Elms*, he had two loads of farm equipment of clearly different weights placed just off

the stage. When he and his son made their first entrance, the father carried the heavier one. The audience was silently but clearly told what O'Neill wanted them to know about the old man's strength and his relationship with his son. As Shakespeare's Richard III, he taped a piece of metal to his leg to keep it from bending, then attached a rigid aluminum strip to his arm to make it virtually inflexible. "As I continued to rehearse the play, though," Scott says, "I found I needed these restrictions less and less. The knee taping went during the first week's performance, then the arm. I found I had been programmed to move as though they were there, and I never had to worry about falling out of the character movements again."

Scott is also a perfectionist with makeup, and he has the devotion and knowledge to fill the demand he makes on himself. For *Patton*, he borrowed old newsreels of the general and watched them so often, recalls Producer Frank McCarthy, "that they were completely worn out when he finally returned them." Scott also read 13 Patton biographies several times each, had his dentist mold him a set of caps to duplicate Patton's teeth, shaved his head and wore a wig of realistic white fuzz. He even insisted on having moles on his face identical to Patton's and filled in part of his nose to make it more like the general's. When she saw the film, Patton's daughter was astonished. "Once it gets rolling, a character is never off my mind," Scott says.

Means of Survival

His fellow actors often express admiration for Scott because he has the courage to risk professional failures. His characterization of Mordecai Jones, the aging but still canny *Flin-Flam Man*, was too strongly derivative of W.C. Fields, and his performance as Antony in *Antony and Cleopatra* was a self-proclaimed disaster. "I should have played Cleopatra," he says; Antony is one of the few roles beyond his ambition. "The great danger with most actors," he says, "is that the more successful they become, the less risk they will take with their careers. They forget why they became actors in the first place. They become successful personalities instead. Spencer Tracy ultimately became a symbol actor. So did Grant, Cagney, Robinson."

Scott is willing to risk not only his reputation but his bankbook. Shortly after he gained the first financial security of his life in 1961, he and his wife Colleen Dewhurst moved from New York to Detroit to establish a community theater. It was Scott's dream that his Theater of Michigan Co. would give direction to the national theater movement in America and eventually revitalize Broadway. The group's first two plays were badly received in Detroit and lasted a total of 15 performances when they finally limped onto Broadway. To keep the company going, Scott had



SCOTT IN "EAST SIDE/WEST SIDE"

spent \$70,000 of his own money. When it collapsed in 1962, Scott personally paid off a sizable portion of the original debt. "When we finished," Scott says, "I didn't have a dime. It took a few years to clean up all the debts, but it was done."

Scott is also generous with his talent, quick to offer assistance to colleagues, though sometimes loudly impatient with what he considers ineptness. Mike Nichols says that "after three days' rehearsal for *Plaza Suite* I told him I didn't know what I was going to do with him for the next three weeks because he was perfect. But he stayed around anyway, working with the other actors." Richard Lester, who directed Scott in *Petulia*, found him "intelligent, constructive, decent, professional. If there was a difference of opinion between us, we worked it out in five or ten minutes." Enormously sure of his own instinct for material, Scott was handed the manuscript of *Plaza Suite* in a restaurant by Playwright Neil Simon; he left to read it and returned little more than an hour later to say he would act in it. During the filming of Scott's TV series, *East Side/West Side*, Jim Aubrey, then president of CBS-TV, summoned Scott and Producer David Susskind to his office and informed them that the episode they were working on required a happy ending. Scott peeled an apple with a favorite switchblade knife as he listened to Aubrey deliver his spiel. Then, glaring malevolently at his boss, he said, "That's a lot of bull." The network president quickly retreated.

For Scott, acting has always been an antidote to self-hatred. "It was the only avenue of escape I had from myself," he admits. "It's never been difficult to subjugate myself to a part because I don't like myself too well. Acting was, in every sense, my means of survival." In Scott's case, that is not fan-magazine hyperbole. When the mask is off



IN "DR. STRANGELOVE"



IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"

and he is living his own life, Scott has often turned to savage punishment of himself and those around him. He has candidly called his heavy drinking "an addiction" and saloons, for their easy conviviality, "a very necessary part of my life." He has had his nose broken several times in barroom brawls. "This sort of thing happens to actors who have a reputation for being tough guys," he says in a defensive rationale. "There's always some guy who wants to take you apart. I'm not Marciano and I can't keep this stuff up all my life. I should stay out of barrooms, I suppose. But I happen to like them." He has also violently struck at least one woman in a rage, and twice he has injured himself by ramming his fist against a wall and a mirror. There is gentleness and mundaneness in Scott's life as well



WITH MISS FOREIGN AFFAIRS



IN "DESIRE" WITH DEWHURST & RIP TORN

—he is now in a period of relative personal tranquillity—but the record leaves little doubt that when he draws on his experiences for his acting, he has considerable reserve.

Born in Wise, Va., and raised in Michigan, Scott spent much of his childhood "being terrified of my father." Scott's father, George D., was a coal-mine surveyor when the Depression struck down most of the mines in the area. He moved his family to Pontiac, Mich., where, he brags, "I worked my ass off and the family never missed a meal. It was drive, drive, drive." Scott's mother Helen (called "Honey") was an elocutionist who gave public poetry readings and occasionally contributed verse to the local papers. She spent hours teaching her son how to read stories aloud. "I have very powerful memories



IN "PETULIA" WITH JULIE CHRISTIE

of her," Scott says. "She was very good to us." She died of peritonitis when George was eight. Shortly afterward her son began getting into an uncommon number of violent childhood accidents.

"He never complained or cried," George's sister Helen recalls. "He broke his nose playing football; he cut his head open diving into somebody in a swimming pool; he was hit by a golf club and run over by a car." Says Scott: "With a couple of exceptions, I was completely unloved. I owe much of my being alive to my sister, who more or less raised me. We were abnormally close."

At 17, he joined the Marines for a four-year hitch. "I was very gung-ho. They sent me to Parris Island; then, right in the middle of my training, they dropped the Bomb and the war was over. I felt a little like General Patton—they stole my war." With 45 months left to serve, he was sent to language school, then eventually assigned to a desk in Washington, where he taught a correspondence course in creative writing. He also worked on the graves detail, where he learned that he really did not want the war they stole. "You can't look at that many widows in veils and hear that many taps without taking to drink. God, half of us were stoned out in Arlington every day."

Discharged from the service in 1949, Scott enrolled in the University of Missouri as a journalism student. He had been writing since he was eight years old, and by the time he went into the Marines, his father says, he had "enough rejection slips from the *Saturday Evening Post* to paper the bathroom wall." That much writing on the wall convinced even Scott. Then, one day, he spotted a notice on the college bulletin board announcing auditions for *The Winslow Boy*. He bought a copy of the play, memorized every line of it, and won the lead.

"It was like tumblers falling in a

lock," he recalls. "I knew what a good safe-cracker felt like. From then on I never doubted my ability for a moment. So many actors say, 'Well, I'll give it a chance for a couple of years.' But you can't give acting a chance. It gives you a chance." Scott took every one he got. After graduation he went to work at Stephens, a women's college in Columbia, Mo., teaching a course called Mastery of Western Literature just so he could get to act in school plays. The class was a farce. Scott was too busy learning his craft to read the required books, so he spent class time "chatting it up with the young ladies about *Les Misérables*." One of his students at the time was Tammy Grimes, who remembers him as being "very handsome, strange and moody, like a Heathcliff. He was in practically every play we ever did, and we used to do one every three weeks."

Along with all the experience in stagecraft, Scott, then 24, also acquired his first wife, Carolyn Hughes, a Stephens student; they had a daughter named Victoria. He landed a job in a Detroit stock company, where, along with some good roles, he appeared in such asthmatic fare as *Come Out of the Kitchen* and *Broken Dishes*. His income was as puny as the repertoire, and after four years of fill-in jobs that included carpentry and cement pouring, Scott returned in desperation to Stephens hoping to teach again. By that time he was the leading campus undesirable. Not only had he been divorced; it was public knowledge that he had fathered an illegitimate child by another Stephens student. He flew to Washington, D.C., and spent his last dime on a call to his sister Helen. She gave him a place to stay, and her husband gave him a job with his construction firm doing manual labor. Scott managed to stay away from the theater for almost a year.

Making the Rounds

"I couldn't stand it any more and I just gave up," Scott says. "I seemed to have reached a point of no return." What brought him back again was an ad by a semiprofessional troupe casting Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author*. He joined the company, acted at night and worked on construction projects during the day. Once again Scott got married, this time to an attractive ingénue named Pat Reed, and once again he took off—this time for New York. Pat held down a secretarial job; Scott worked nights in a bank, then made the daily rounds between agents and auditions. He was also drinking heavily. Eventually Joseph Papp, director of the New York Shakespeare Festival, gave him his first break by casting him as Richard III. For that bravado performance he got enthusiastic reviews, the help of Jane Deacy, an adept personal manager, and the beginning of a professional career.

As that career progressed, Scott found

Scott on Some Aspects of Acting

George C. Scott has never had a formal acting lesson in his life, but he comments on his craft with clarity and authority:

ON AWARDS: Actors are the world's oldest underprivileged minority. For centuries we've been looked upon as nothing but buffoons, one step above thieves and charlatans. Those awards ceremonies simply compound the image for me. A lot of people sitting around making an exhibition of themselves. What I hate is that whole superstructure and the phony suspense and the crying actor clutching the statue to his bosom and all of that crap. It's all such a bloody bore.

ON METHOD ACTING: Even a natural actor has to set about the business of learning how to act. Much of the learning process is finding out what not to do, like indulging in excesses. I've seen more talent ruined by what I call indulgence—Method acting where they all get together and act for each other in a test-tube atmosphere. Many people work marvelously that way—Gerry Page, Gazzara, Brando—but it's not for me.

ON THE AUDIENCE: One of the most important attributes for an actor to cultivate is a sense of analysis of himself and his audience. The audience is a dark thing, a peculiar animal, an enemy that must be assaulted and won. That's the big competition right there—not between you and the other actors but you and the audience. The only measurement of fine acting is so simple, yet so many actors get fouled up about it. It's this: Does the audience feel it? It doesn't matter a damn what the actor does or does not feel—it's what the lady with the blue hat down there is feeling. You as an actor can suffer the agonies of the damned, but unless that's communicated to the people who paid \$9.90 to see it, you've failed.

ON TECHNIQUE: This business is all make-believe. Technique is making what is absolutely false appear to be totally true in a manner that is not recognizable. The moment you can see how it's being done, it's no good. The illusion is when you've been had and don't realize it. That's technique.

ON INFLUENCES: I think I learned to act from people like James Cagney and

Paul Muni. And I'm sure I learned more from Bette Davis than anyone. She has enormous presence, a sense of surprise. She sets you up like a great boxer and BAM! she gives you something else. She does have a certain consistent style, but when you examine her work you find enormous variety of color and intelligence.

ON DIRECTING: I want to phase out acting completely after a while and get into directing, because it would ease a lot of tensions for me. The important thing about directing—which Mike Nichols does so beautifully—is creating an atmosphere in which people work well together. That's what it's all about. You must allow people to do what they do best. Actors are always in trouble. A director who isn't a help is a drag.

ON FIRST NIGHTS: The tensions in this business are acute. I defy any normal human being to live through an opening night on Broadway. It's a life-and-death situation, public exposure of the most profoundly damaging kind—like going to the guillotine. That's why actors are very cooperative people. They cannot function singly.

ON BASICS: Look, acting is just a matter of observation, imitation and communication. That's what it's all about.

that the years of continual rejection had exacted a price. For him, the payments seem endless. "Acting changes the inner spirit," he says. "It's fulfilling, but psychologically very costly. You can't steal enough money in a lifetime to make up for the damage. I'm ashamed for the bitterness it created in me, but it exists. Even when you're successful it's hard to rise above it. It's like a growth." He went from *Richard III* into television, then a production of *Children of Darkness* by José Quintero at the prestigious Circle in the Square Theater. "I played a wife poisoner who's

put into Newgate Prison, the greatest third-act part that's ever been written—a real zinger." There the familiar pattern began to recur.

Scott met Actress Colleen Dewhurst during rehearsals. "Jack Barrymore used to call these meetings bus accidents," Scott says. "Colleen was married and so was I. But we wanted to be together." Shortly afterward, Scott put his fist through a backstage mirror at the Circle in the Square, "probably because I didn't like what I saw in it." That night he played the entire third act of *Children of Darkness* wearing a

rubber glove that was filled with blood by play's end.

The liaison led to a divorce from Pat and marriage to Colleen. The role of the wife poisoner led to his first shot at Broadway. The play, *Comes a Day*, passed unnoticed save for Scott in the role of a psychopath who decapitates birds and throws an epileptic fit in the third act. "I was god-damned near crippled from throwing myself around so much," he says. "The part was killing me, and I was delighted when the play closed after 28 performances." His growing reputation won him more stage roles (*The Andersonville Trial* and *The Wall*) and some movie work (a small part in *The Hanging Tree*, the visiting prosecutor in *Anatomy of a Murder*, which brought him his first Oscar nomination). But word of his personal behavior was spreading just as fast.

Pursuit Across Europe

Backstage at *Comes a Day* he got drunk and trashed his dressing room; he broke one of his hands hitting some scenery during *The Wall* when he could no longer tolerate one of his co-stars. After a period on the wagon, he got drunk and, knowing he could not perform well, deliberately missed a performance of *The Andersonville Trial*. During rehearsals of *Plaza Suite*, in later years, Maureen Stapleton confided to Mike Nichols: "I'm so frightened of George I don't know what to do." Nichols replied: "My dear, the whole world is frightened of George."

By the early '60s, Scott had won his

GEORGE D. (STANDING) WATCHING SON IN CHESS MATCH ON MOVIE SET



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second Oscar nomination for *The Hustler*—and refused it. He had been acclaimed for his Shylock in another Papp production ("the greatest acting experience of my life"), almost stolen the show from Peter Sellers in *Strangelove*, and played in *Desire Under the Elms* opposite his wife Colleen. They now had two sons, but as his talent matured, his personal life began to crack. Everything broke open in 1964, after Scott left for Rome to play Abraham in John Huston's behemoth film *The Bible*.

Scott pursued his co-star Ava Gardner around the set, and subsequently across much of Europe. After the film was completed, he had to be put into a nursing home to dry out. According to a friend, "he was really in love with Ava and wanted to marry her. But she didn't want to marry him." Even now he will not talk about it. It was in this same period that Scott was fired from a movie called *How to Steal a Million* after showing up five hours late for the first day of filming. Separated for some time, he and Colleen were finally divorced.

The Prosaic Gentleman

For the next few years, Scott wandered: from a clumsy production of *The Three Sisters* co-starring Sandy Dennis, who drove him almost berserk with her mumbling mannerisms, to a role in a mindless service comedy with Tony Curtis called *Not With My Wife, You Don't*. Then, gradually, he began to pick up the pieces. He worked for the first time under Mike Nichols' direction in the Lincoln Center revival of *The Little Foxes*. And he appeared in what may be his finest screen portray-

al, the doctor in Richard Lester's superb film *Petulia*.

Scott seems to have invested more than the usual portion of his personal anguish and anger in the role of Archie, an affluent San Francisco physician newly separated from his wife, who falls crazily in love with a tormented bitch named Petulia. Lester's film contains some of the best sequences of sexual and romantic tension ever caught by a camera, and Scott provides most of them. In one memorable scene, his ex-wife has come to visit him and brings a bag of homemade cookies with her as a peace offering. As the discussion becomes edgier and more hostile, Scott finally pivots around and hurls the bag of cookies at her. The bag explodes against her back, and the cookies fly apart like a fragmentation grenade. It is a moment of powerful artistry for actor as well as director. Not surprisingly, Scott dismisses his portrayal as "pretty cut and dried." Those who know him well say that in *Petulia* he played as close to himself as he ever has.

All during the filming he kept revisiting Colleen. They remarried on July 4, 1967, "Independence Day," she says now. "It seemed only right and fitting." They live in tentative tranquility in a rambling farmhouse in South Salem, N.Y., with their sons, Alexander, 10, and Campbell, 9. The children of Scott's second marriage, Matthew, 13, and Devon, 12, visit frequently, attracted in part by a burgeoning menagerie of four German shepherds, two ponies, 20 chickens, two cats, three doves and a swimming-pool bullfrog named Charlie. At the farm, Scott plays chess, bridge and golf with neighbors. His wife, a strong, warm woman, is, in the phrase of a family friend, "an anchor in George's life." Colleen herself credits Scott's self-control. "When G.C. isn't drinking, up here he becomes the most prosaic of gentlemen." Not so prosaic, however, as to accept what many people consider the honor of an Academy Award nomination. This month, cited for *Patton*, he declined again. "I don't give a damn about it," he says in a voice like a sonic boom. "I'm making too much money anyway."

Struggle and Frustration

Scott speaks enthusiastically of working in the new Simon play, doing more directing and establishing a television repertoire theater with Colleen and some friends. There is little in his profession he could not do if his private and persistent demons would give him a break. Scott has tried to strike a compromise with them. "Since childhood, the whole self-loathing thing was a big part of my makeup. Now I've learned to say O.K., I've screwed up. Then I try to make amends."

He is not always successful. His scuffles with several scripts, including one version of *Patton*, have not been felicitous. He wrangled constantly with *Patton* Producer Frank McCarthy, who comments: "He rewrote several scenes



GEORGE & COLLEEN AT THEIR REMARRIAGE
With luck, 50% of your hopes.

to make Patton more sympathetic, but the rewrites were not as good as what we already had." Scott missed eight days of work, some because of a recurrent problem with the retina in his left eye, two because he was drinking hard and feeling mean. "I got fed up, exhausted and frustrated, so I'd go out and get loaded," he says. His frustration, however, in no way detracted from his professionalism and his performance. McCarthy says, "He's difficult to deal with, but always for a purpose. I wish I had a picture with Scott starting tomorrow."

To Director John Huston, Scott is "one of the best actors alive. But my opinion of him as an actor is much higher than my opinion of him as a man." Huston started out as director in *The Last Run*, now being filmed in Spain, but he and Scott clashed over the actor's objections to script rewrites and the leading lady, Tina Aumont. There were shouting matches between Scott and Huston in the early hours of the morning. Huston eventually departed, and so did Tina Aumont. The film is now being finished under the direction of Richard Fleischer. Scott, who realistically maintains that "I can still make more money in films than any place else," is presumably planning to gather up his not inconsiderable salary and then turn to more serious matters.

What he makes of them will depend, as it always has with Scott, on whether he can confine his explosive energies to the discipline of acting. Always aware of the past that has scarred him, he says now: "My violent behavior is some sort of aberration, a character defect I'm not particularly proud of." Struggling to temper what he calls "my terrible fire," he remains acutely aware that he is still in danger of being consumed by the flames. From his view in the tenth row, Scott can also see that this is a risk that a great actor must run.



GEORGE & AVA IN ROME
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BUSINESS

Nixon v. Mills: Showdown on Trade Policy

AS chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, Wilbur Mills swings almost as much power as the President on many domestic issues. Lately, the cherubic Congressman from Ken-
sett, Ark., has also been moving into foreign policy, opening a one-man campaign to solve a long-festering problem in relations between the U.S. and Japan and avert an international trade war. Last week his well-intentioned efforts led to a direct confrontation with

with foreign interests "could lead to chaos in bilateral government talks." He added: "As much as I want my legislative program passed, I can't compromise." In a public statement, the President pointedly criticized the "unorthodox action" of the Japanese in dealing privately with Mills on a matter of foreign policy and reiterated his support for mandatory textile quotas. Mills warned that he would block any attempt to write quotas into law. That was an exceptionally strong stand for Mills, who usually says only that he will not support bills that he dislikes—not that he will try to kill them.

The Lever That Failed. The trouble dates back to the 1968 election campaign, when Candidate Nixon promised Southern voters protection against textile imports. Last year, at the Administration's request, Mills introduced a textile-quota bill. As Mills explained it to TIME Correspondent Neil MacNeil, he never expected the bill to become law but had been led by the Administration to believe that it would merely give U.S. negotiators "a lever" to move the Japanese to accept voluntary quotas. When the Japanese balked, Nixon urged Congress to pass the bill. Mills, who did not want the stigma of having started a world trade war, felt that he had been had by the Nixon tactic. The bill whipped through the House, and on its way picked up provisions that would also have set quotas on shoes and many other products—thus inviting retaliation not only from Japan but from Europe as well. The highly protectionist bill was lost in a Senate logjam at the end of the last session.

In January Mills introduced another bill that would put quotas only on textiles. Mills considers himself a free trader and dislikes mandatory quotas, but says he still figured that the introduction of a bill could pressure the Japanese. Again, however, the official Administration talks with the Japanese got nowhere. So Mills decided to push his personal diplomacy.

First, Mills in early February handed to Japanese Ambassador Nobuhiko Ushiba a stern protectionist speech that he had drafted for delivery. The shaken ambassador asked Mills not to deliver it until he could consult his government in Tokyo. Worried about the possibility that Mills would really push his textile bill, a delegation of Japanese textile magnates called on the chairman. Mills proposed that instead of negotiating an agreement between the two countries, the Japanese textile men issue a unilateral declaration that they would hold down shipments to the U.S. At Mills' suggestion, Michael Daniels, a

Washington attorney, went to Tokyo to help iron out details of the statement. The Japanese brought the finished document to Mills. After suggesting some changes, which the Japanese agreed to, he pronounced it acceptable.

Example of Egoism. The Japan Textile Federation, backed by the Tokyo government, proposed to restrict shipments of cotton, wool and synthetic textiles to the U.S. for three years beginning July 1. Exports would be permitted to rise only 5% the first year and 6% in each of the next two years. (Japanese textile shipments to the U.S. increased 15% in 1969 and 11% in 1970, to a total of \$527 million, which amounted to 2.5% of the total U.S. textile market.) The new policy would take effect only if South Korea, Taiwan and Hong Kong agreed to similar restrictions—and that would require intense pressure from both the U.S. and Japanese governments. One South Korean official dismissed the Tokyo declaration as an example of "Japanese egoism."

U.S. textile men were furious that the Mills-Japanese deal contained no explicit item-by-item restrictions on textile imports. They feared that under the overall quota, the Japanese could continue to achieve something like the 25% increase in synthetic-textile sales that they

COMPUTERIZED LASER IN



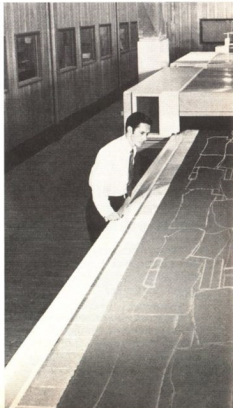
WILBUR MILLS

Shaking Tokyo's Ambassador.

President Nixon, who was clearly annoyed. The break could develop into a power struggle that would unsettle U.S. trade policy and possibly affect the fate of revenue sharing, welfare reform, and other major Nixon proposals for which Mills holds the key to congressional action.

What Mills did was to undertake his own negotiations with the Japanese government and textile industry. Succeeding where the Nixon Administration had failed in two years of formal talks, Mills persuaded the Japanese to declare that they would unilaterally restrict their textile shipments to the U.S. If the deal had stuck, it could have stopped a congressional drive to legislate mandatory import quotas on textiles and many other foreign products. But the Japanese offer did not satisfy Nixon's Southern supporters in the textile industry, and some White House aides were incensed by what they saw as Mills' protocol-dodging efforts to run his own State Department.

Nixon, feeling that his authority was being challenged, rejected the Japanese offer. To his advisers, he said that the precedent of a Congressman negotiating



registered in the U.S. last year by concentrating shipments in synthetics rather than in cotton goods, which are selling poorly.

Secretary of State William Rogers and Foreign Affairs Adviser Henry Kissinger counseled Nixon to accept the Japanese declaration. On the other side, Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans and White House Aide Peter Flanigan, both of whom had conducted the official negotiations with the Japanese, were mad at Mills for bypassing them. Nixon appeared to be especially angry at Japanese officials for announcing that, in light of their deal with Mills, no further government-to-government talks were necessary. The President, who senses that protectionism is politically popular in the nation right now, declared that the Japanese offer "falls short of the terms essential to the U.S." Mills urged Nixon to reconsider, sarcastically observing that the President might know another way of protecting the U.S. textile industry while heading off a trade war, "but I do not."

In the absence of any deal, Asian textiles can continue to pour freely into America. That will benefit the U.S. consumer, because quotas would lead to higher prices and narrower choices in textiles. But the present impasse is dangerous. It is hard to see how any quota bill can pass as long as Mills, the most influential man on Capitol Hill, is opposed to it. It is equally difficult to envision how the U.S. can evolve any coherent trade policy while Nixon and Mills remain locked in their classic confrontation. A prolonged

deadlock threatens to further strain relations between Washington and Tokyo, and to fan protectionist sentiment, which has been rising alarmingly among U.S. businessmen and unionists. To bring the situation under control, Nixon, Mills—and free-trading U.S. businessmen—must rethink their positions and seek some new initiatives.

INVENTIONS

Cutting Cloth by Laser

The U.S. can battle cut-rate imports better by increasing its productive efficiency than by raising its protective barriers. Last week Genesco, Inc. and Hughes Aircraft showed off a jointly developed machine that may help U.S. clothing makers to compete. The machine, which looks like a miniature steel rolling mill, maneuvers a laser beam over cloth to cut garments according to computer-determined patterns. It acts with speed, accuracy and a flexibility that human cutters cannot match. It can cut a man's sport coat, a woman's skirt and a child's pair of shorts consecutively from the same roll of cloth. Genesco Chairman Franklin Jarman says that it will enable a clothing firm to introduce a new style in midseason, or immediately fill a retailer's unexpected order for additional garments "almost solely by pushing a button"—something no foreign manufacturer can yet do. Besides, the savings in labor costs promise to be considerable because the machine does not demand raises, go on strike or show up late for work. Genesco plans to retrain any workers who are displaced, and union leaders say that they will accept the machine as long as workers are not laid off or have to take wage cuts.

JOBS

Oedipus Hex

A wise son maketh a glad father.

—Proverbs 10: 1

But the two may make poor business partners. For many an entrepreneurial Pop the gladdest moment of a lifetime is when his No. 1 son enters the family firm. For many an obliging son it would be wiser if he never set foot in the place. Once looked on by young men as the shortest road to success, taking over a family business is now seen by more and more of them as a fast way to a nervous breakdown.

"For the founder," writes Psychologist Harry Levinson in the March-April issue of the Harvard *Business Review*, "the business is an instrument, an extension of himself. So he has great difficulty giving up his instrument, his source of social power." Levinson, a visiting professor of psychology at the Harvard Business School, says that this intense ego involvement makes it hard for the patriarch to delegate responsibility and almost impossible for him to step down. Many sons of self-made ti-



SOBs MEETING AT WURSTHAUS
Pitying titans' sons.

tans, he warns, have to cope with long hours, low pay and an agonizing wait for the old man's retirement.

"When a son is brought into the business," Levinson told TIME, "the father has all the problems of a man who introduced his rival to his mistress." If the son marries, adds Levinson, complications multiply: the wife wants him home, the father wants him to work late; the wife wants an immediate financial return, the father thinks that his son should work for peanuts because eventually the business will be his.

SOBs United. To help dodge the booby traps built into life with Father, 100 harried heirs in Boston have formed Sons of Bosses International (SOBs). The group meets monthly, Founder Gerry Slavin says, "so that all of us can have a way of getting together in order to make life easier and to better understand working in a family-owned company." Slavin, who is marketing director of his father's small steel company, is organizing chapters in New York, Philadelphia and Detroit.

SOBs attest that the path winding along in Dad's footsteps is often mined with humiliation, self-doubt and acrimony. For example, Rick Cardullo, 29, whose father owns a restaurant in Harvard Square, the Wursthau, joined the business upon graduation from high school. He lasted six years. "I just wanted to get away from here," he recalls. "I gave my father notice—four months' notice, in fact. But no matter how you leave your father, it breeds hostility. He didn't speak to me for over a

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., MAKING MEN'S SUITS



year. When we communicated, it was through his lawyer."

Torn between the feelings of guilt and hostility that plague many an entrepreneur's son, Cardullo eventually came back. "I hate working for my father," he says, "but I am dedicated to him in a certain respect." Now Cardullo puts in 14 hours a day, seven days a week. The only time he sees friends is when they come in as customers. His girl friend had to take a part-time job as a hostess—to see him.

Hollis Petri, 29, believes that the family warehousing business scarred his life. After he joined the firm in 1960, "my hours at work became astronomical. I was working from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. My wife used to wait up for me, crying by the window. This went on for four years. We stopped communicating. Now we're separated. Everything went down the drain. It was my fault for not speaking up at work, but when you know that some day you'll have part of the business, you feel obligated to put in the hours. You feel that you have to do it."

Planned Nepotism. Not all father-following sons have had unpleasant experiences, though quite a few admit that they have special problems. George Gallup Jr., 40, president of The Gallup Poll, of which his father is still chairman, believes that he has to work doubly hard to justify the advantage his name gives him around the office. Boston's Peter Fuller, 47-year-old owner of the race horse Dancer's Image and keeper of the family auto dealership since 1958, notes that "I had a nice relationship with Dad, even with the fights." Brown-Forman Distillers of Louisville makes it company policy to take on sons of the Brown family because they are thought to have more incentive than employees without large stock holdings in the firm. "Planned nepotism," the Browns call it.

Robert J. Lynch Jr., 37, went willingly into his father's Manhattan firm of international trade brokers in 1959. "We had some pretty strong disagreements at first," he recalls. "But as time went by, we managed to reconcile our differences. I'm more diplomatic now." Besides, he says, his father is going to retire this year. Retorts Robert Sr., 69: "I'm never going to retire."

WORLD ECONOMY

The Slowdown Goes Global

In much of the industrialized world, unease is growing among people who have mostly prospered since they pulled themselves from the rubble of World War II. European and Japanese headlines tell of inflation, layoffs, strikes, bankruptcies—and economic slowdowns. Businessmen abroad are hearing that well-worn aphorism: When the U.S. sneezes, the rest of the world catches red-white-and-blue flu.

That is not the real cause of trouble this time. Instead, the foreign slowdowns



SWEDISH WORKERS ON HUNGER STRIKE

are largely self-induced. Governments have adopted policies to contain intolerable inflation, which has been fueled by the rising cost of labor. Last year's average increases in manufacturing wages hit 14% in Germany and 18% in Japan.

A few economies, like France's and Italy's, have avoided the need to deflate, and are relatively healthy today. For the rest, the boom of the 1960s is tapering off.

► Britain's economic growth has stumbled to 1.5%. Unemployment is 3.1%, the highest since the war. Still, wage demands of 20% are frequent. Prime Minister Edward Heath is taking a tough stand against union wage demands, which he blames for the country's 7% inflation. His union policy and Britain's high discount rates have not yet brought a leveling in prices, but the average for wage gains appears to be receding slightly from last year's 14%. While Britain was still reeling from the Rolls-Royce crash, Vehicle & General Insurance Group, which insures every eighth motorist in the country, went bankrupt.

► Germany's industrial production grew at an annual rate of 1.6% in December, compared with 10.5% for that month a year earlier. To combat the 4% rate of inflation, Economics Minister Karl Schiller has used just about every weapon at his disposal: restricted government spending, a 10% income tax surcharge, tightened depreciation allowances and high interest rates. Bayer, the chemical giant, has announced that its profits last year were off by more than one-third, and sad earnings reports are expected from other companies.

► The Netherlands' economists forecast for this year a rise in unemployment, a lower yield on invested capital, a drop in investments and a worsening balance of payments. A six-month freeze in wages has been imposed by the government to retard a 4% price rise. Dutch Minister of Social Affairs Bouke Rooivink recently went shopping with a disgruntled *huisvrouw* who had chal-

lenged him to stay within her inflation-soaked budget. At the checkout counter he came up red-faced and \$6 short.

► Sweden is torn by strikes that have closed railways, law courts, government offices and schools. Finance Minister Gunnar Stråling has put the country on a deflationary diet of tighter credit, higher indirect taxes and restricted federal spending, and is taking a firm stand against union demands. Still, inflation is expected to stay about the same as last year's 8%. The anti-inflationary policies have hurt small wage earners and great companies alike. Twenty-three workmen in the mountain village of Stora Blåsön, some without work for the past two years, went on a hunger strike last month before the government finally gave them jobs on a road-building project. The government and private sources recently had to rescue the super-modernized Götawerken shipyards because the firm ran short of cash.

► Canada's growth rate has slowed to 3%, and unemployment is 6.2%. In some provinces, including politically explosive Quebec, as many as 9% of workers are without jobs. Massey-Ferguson, one of the flagships of Canadian industry, is laying off two-thirds of its 3,200-man work force; the company lost \$19 million last year. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau supported tight monetary and fiscal policies until last year, and the country is still feeling the effects. Trudeau also introduced a prices-and-incomes board in 1969; since then, inflation has been cut in half, to an annual rate of 2.3%.

► Japan's growth has slipped from 15% last year to 10% so far this year—which is sluggish by that country's spectacular standards. Unlike the slumps elsewhere, Japan's is not deliberate. Among the causes: higher prices for Middle Eastern oil, a new miserliness among consumers and a softer U.S. market for many Japanese exports. A few electronics firms, including Hitachi and Toshiba, have put workers on shorter work

weeks. Prices rose 7.7% last year, but so far there has been no government campaign to deflate.

In some countries, there is pressure to ease the anti-inflation drives. British union leaders and industrialists argue that unless expansionary measures are taken soon, unemployment may continue to climb and investment may slow to a trickle. Canadian newspapers are becoming increasingly critical of government tolerance of high unemployment.

A few governments are already taking steps. Germany has restored fast-depreciation allowances and reduced the tax on new plant and equipment. Sweden has started to relax its credit controls. Italy is rushing a public-housing bill through Parliament in order to revive its construction industry. As in the U.S., where Washington officials are talking about increasing spending and easing taxes to stimulate business, foreign government leaders hope that expansionary measures can be carried out without firing inflation anew.

CIGARETTES

After the Blackout

The fellow who would walk a mile for a Camel hardly knew what zeal means. Now that cigarette commercials on TV and radio have been banned by Congress, one dedicated smoker has volunteered to walk clear across the U.S. with a Camel sign on his back in order to publicize the brand name. His idea is only one of many received by R.J. Reynolds Industries, the nation's largest cigarette maker. An amateur strategist proposed rigging an airplane with flashing lights that would spell out CAMEL or WINSTON on night flights, and a camera fan offered the use of a device that he said could project the word Winston on clouds or buildings.

Though it is too early to gauge the full effects of the broadcast ad ban, tobacco executives as yet feel no need to resort to such far-out expedients. Under relentless attack from critics, the tobacco industry withstood the 1970 recession better than almost any other U.S. business. New York's First National City Bank reported last week that seven tobacco companies raised their after-tax profits by a total of 19% last year, the second largest gain among 41 industries in the Citibank survey (the leader: amusement companies). The rise stemmed largely from successful diversification that has taken the cigarette makers into products and services as varied as pet food, soap, whisky, watches and shipping. The profit gains also reflected the reversal last year of a three-year drop in per capita cigarette consumption. Average consumption worked out to 4,039 cigarettes a year for each American over 18, or slightly more than half a pack a day, up from 3,993 in 1969. Winston is still the best-selling brand, followed by Pall Mall, Marlboro, Salem and Kool. Regular Camels (there is also a filtered version) are in sixth

place, but are expected to decline along with nonfilter brands generally. Filters now account for almost four-fifths of the industry's sales.

Less Switching? John Maxwell, a marketing analyst whose figures are widely accepted in the industry, predicts a further 1% rise in cigarette consumption this year. Tobacco men report that, in the two months since their commercials vanished from TV screens, sales have been stronger than in the same period last year. Philip Morris, Inc.'s cigarette sales in January and February ran more than 11% ahead of a year earlier. Says R.J. Reynolds President William S. Smith, who smokes three packs a day: "I have not felt that broadcast media increased the consumption of cigarettes." It was long the industry's contention that TV commercials mainly induced smokers to switch brands. With their ads off the tube, tobacco men now expect more brand loyalty.

Cigarette foes hope that recent increases in sales will prove to be only the temporary effect of a last-minute TV ad blitz and the flurry of new brands introduced by the industry while commercials were still legal. Dr. Daniel Horn, head of the Government's National Clearinghouse for Smoking and Health, predicts that the broadcast ban will reduce smoking by two major groups: teen-agers and the five to ten million adults who, he reckons, are really trying to quit smoking. About one-third of the would-be quitters interviewed by Horn's group reported that they craved a cigarette after watching a TV commercial. According to his figures, which are drawn from Government-backed surveys, 42% of U.S. men over 21 now smoke, down from 59% ten years ago. "And half of those who now smoke say they want to stop," says Horn.

Some recent federally sponsored research indicates that women have a

much harder time than men in kicking the habit. The percentage of women who smoke has declined only from 33.7% in 1964 to 32% now. In all, Horn estimates that of every ten smokers who attempt to drop the habit, four succeed. His surveys indicate that the number of youths aged 12 to 18 who smoke has risen by 1,000,000 in the past two years, to a total 4,000,000, or 15% of that age group. He says that this rise, which exceeded the proportionate increase in the size of the age group, was the result of the now forbidden TV ads.

Blip-Blip, N.C. The anti-smoking campaigners do not intend to relax. They will monitor the screens for any attempt by cigarette firms to slip the names of their brands onto TV. Tobacco and broadcasting executives vow that that will never happen. Last month ABC televised the Reynolds-sponsored Winston-Salem Classic bowling tournament in North Carolina but, except for brief references at the beginning and end, avoided mentioning the name of the event or even where it was being held. Instead, Announcer Chris Schenkel extolled the charm of "the Moravian settlement" in the heart of "the rolling hills of North Carolina." Wallace Carroll, publisher of the Winston-Salem *Journal & Sentinel*, asked the Federal Communications Commission if his city was henceforth to be known as "Blip-Blip." William B. Ray, chief of the FCC's broadcast complaints division, jokingly replied that the capital of the state (Raleigh) might be known as "simply 'Blip'—after the English explorer, Sir Walter Blip." NBC officials have instructed their Broadcast Standards Department to watch for any reference to cigarettes that would violate the spirit of the ad ban. "That does not mean you will never see another cigarette smoked on NBC," says a spokes-

SMITH IN R.J. REYNOLDS PROMOTIONAL CAR



man, "but we will be very careful."

TV networks are continuing to air anti-smoking commercials—two a week in prime time on ABC, for example—and tobacco men protest that under the Government's "fairness doctrine," they should be granted air time for reply. Since last November, cigarette makers have had to put on each pack sold in the U.S. a strengthened notice: "Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health." Later this year, the Federal Trade Commission is likely to renew an attempt it made last year to force an even more ominous message into all cigarette ads: "Warning: Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Health and May Cause Death from Cancer, Coronary Heart Disease, Chronic Bronchitis, Pulmonary Emphysema and Other Diseases." Tobacco men are also being hit by rising taxes, which now account for 19¢ of the median U.S. price of 39¢ a pack. Last year seven states raised cigarette taxes, and almost every state has a legislator calling for still further boosts.

Closed Circuit. With the broadcast ban, the tobacco companies will save about \$250 million annually that they had invested in commercials. They have increased their ads in magazines, especially women's, sports and car magazines. In the strongest new merchandising drive, tobacco men are stepping up their sponsorship of sports events, hoping both to reach the large crowds that attend and to draw some mentions in printed news reports of the contests. Philip Morris will sponsor, among other things, the Powder Puff derby for women air racers. Reynolds is concentrating on auto races in the South, where winning drivers are culture heroes. For example, the annual race that used to be called the Alabama 500 now will be known as the Winston 500; Reynolds will put up \$100,000 for prizes and promotion and plans a "parade of stars," including Miss Winston Cup, who will ride around the track in a specially-built "Winston red" Mercury.* Lorillard is buying commercials on closed-circuit TV screens scattered around major horse-race tracks. Closed-circuit TV is not regulated by the FCC.

Cigarette men talk confidently of continued diversification and of the expanding demand for American smokes overseas. Despite advertising restrictions in Britain, Italy and elsewhere, cigarette smoking abroad is rising faster than in the U.S.; Philip Morris increased its international sales 18% last year. Most of all, executives feel that smoking has too strong a hold on too many people to diminish quickly. "People enjoy smoking, and they are going to continue to smoke," says Smith of R.J. Reynolds. Cigarette foes cannot yet prove him wrong.

* In ads, Winston has discarded its famous slogan, "Winston Tastes Good Like a Cigarette Should." The new slogan: "Down Home Taste."

STOCK MARKET

Casey at the Bat

To head the Securities & Exchange Commission, the overworked agency that polices the stock market, President Nixon wanted someone who knew Wall Street from all its angles. The man he chose in February, William J. Casey, a tough-sounding Wall Street tax attorney and onetime Nixon speechwriter, not only knew all the angles but had personally played a few of the wider ones. Casey, 58, is a law partner of former G.O.P. Chairman Leonard Hall and describes himself as "an investor for venture capital." He frequently buys into little-known companies or products in hopes of hitting the jackpot. To judge by his self-estimated annual income of \$250,000, he has come out on the winning side more often than not.

Some members of the Senate Bank-



CASEY DURING SENATE HEARINGS
On the winning side.

ing Committee were bothered by complaints that Casey may not have always played fair. Though his nomination was tentatively approved for full Senate vote in February, the committee reopened its hearing to probe further into Lawyer Casey's rather active life in court—as a defendant. Last week Casey showed up at the second committee session smiling confidently. He took to the witness chair for nearly four hours to argue that his record of legal battles was entirely normal for a man in "an active business career."

Casey was a defendant in three civil cases between 1962 and 1965. The first that came to light involved plagiarism. Casey said that when he headed the Institute for Business Planning, the tax publishing branch of Prentice-Hall, Inc., an editorial employee had copied 2½ pages from an author's manuscript and used it in a tax manual. A jury awarded \$41,450 to the author, but he agreed to an out-of-court settlement for half

that amount, possibly because he feared an appeal by Casey.

A second lawsuit, still pending, involves the acquisition of California's S.O. Systems Inc. by Kalvar Corp. of New Orleans. Casey's law firm was counsel to Kalvar, and he was a director as well as executive-committee chairman of the company. Dissident Kalvar shareholders have charged that Casey and other officers and directors made misleading statements about S.O. stock, overestimating its value. The plaintiffs also contend that Casey and others arranged for S.O. Systems shareholders to hold their vote on the deal in New Orleans instead of California, where the state corporation commissioner was considering an investigation of the acquisition. To that, Casey testified: "The two or three men who controlled the firm were grown-up men who decided they did not need the assistance of the California corporation commission regarding an offer they had to sell the stock, and they decided to go to New Orleans to handle the matter there quickly."

The third suit charged that Casey helped to sell unregistered stock on the basis of over-optimistic information. The information was contained in a letter sent out on behalf of Advancement Devices Inc., of which Casey was once chairman, director, major shareholder and counsel. In the 1962 suit, an investor charged that he had bought the stock after reading the puffery letter; he sought \$10,000 in damages, settled for \$8,000. Last week Casey conceded that the letter had been "outrageous" but insisted that he had not seen it before it was mailed by the man whom he had selected to sell the stock.

Failure to Forewarn. A majority of committee members were convinced that Casey was acceptable as chairman of the sensitive SEC. By a vote of 9 to 3—the same margin as the first time—they recommended his approval. A trio of liberal Democrats cast the nays. Committee Chairman John Sparkman declared that Casey's opponents had presented no evidence "to prove he isn't fit to be chairman."

Even so, Casey displayed a lack of judgment in failing to forewarn the President of his potentially embarrassing background. Casey's White House supporters, notably Peter Flanigan, who is Nixon's top-level recruiter and link to Wall Street, served the President no better by missing or overlooking that background during a routine check. The most important lesson may be that the two stockholder suits would not have been filed against Casey had he confined himself to acting as counsel for the companies and not served simultaneously as an officer and director. Partners in some top corporate law firms are reviewing the practice of allowing their members to become directors of client companies. The roles of supposedly disinterested counsel and financially involved board member may well hold conflicts of interest.

What do you work for all day and fight about all night?

Money.

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That's why there's Master Charge®. It can uncomplicate your financial life.

Too many charge cards?

If you use a lot of different charge cards and charge accounts, you're hit with a lot of different bills at the end of the month. It's hard to know what you've spent where. And the bills come in at different times. Just when you think you've paid them all, in comes a straggler.

By using Master Charge for all your purchases, you get only one bill at the end of the month...one simple record of everything. Instead of writing a dozen checks, one check pays for everything. (Sometimes, figure out what you spend just mailing out the checks every month.)

Does a Master Charge card cost anything?

You get your Master Charge card free. No membership fee. No annual dues. And Master Charge is the most valuable card a shopper can own. It's good in more places than any other card in the U.S.A.

Another budget blessing

Our incomes are regular, but our needs pop up irregularly. When you must buy something in an emergency or a fantastic sale could save you a lot of money, use your Master Charge card. Master Charge also offers extended payments if that's best for your budget. In short, Master Charge puts an end to that end-of-month flood of bills, and tells you precisely where you stand.

With Master Charge, you'll have a lot more time to argue about mothers-in-law.

Now that you're
making it,
MANAGE IT!



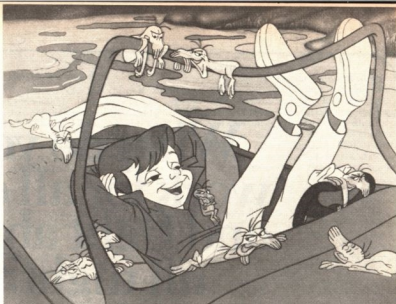
CINEMA

Oz Revisited

A photograph can only capture an object; a drawing can liberate it. That phenomenon was not lost on Walt Disney, whose cartoons reveal a freedom noticeably absent from his "live" comedies. Nor is it lost on Chuck Jones, perhaps the foremost observer of the Disney fun factory. Scenarist-Director Jones, illustrator of many a Bugs Bunny and creator of Roadrunner, is the animating force behind *The Phantom Tollbooth*, his first full-length feature. It is based on Norton Juster's ten-year-old classic juvenile novel.

In the film, little Milo (Butch Patrick) is sitting around in San Francisco with "nothin' to do" when a candy-striped package appears in his room. Unwrapped, it becomes a tollbooth; when he drives his kiddie car through it, he becomes part of a cartoon interpretation of C.P. Snow's *Two Cultures*. Head of the Verbal World is King Azaz; his dreaded brother and rival, the Mathe-magician, is "Ruler of Numbers." A series of adventures eventually earns Milo the role of peacemaker; he rescues the maidens Rhyme and Reason from a castle prison, thereby eliminating the sibling rivalry.

On the high road to the tower, Milo meets a number of literalized concepts. There are the Doldrums, where the evil



MILO IGNORES ENEMIES IN "THE PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH"
Wedding of allegory and whimsy.

Lethargians hang out, and the Mountains of Ignorance, home of the Terrible Trivium, the Thread-bare Excuse and the Two-faced Hypocrite.

Juster's novel, the most effective wedding of allegory and whimsy since *Oz*, failed in only one sense; its brusque illustrations by Jules Feiffer were out of keeping with the fanciful story. The animation is a much happier complement to the adventure. Ironically, it is the plot that bogs the film down. More

than 20 characters are thrown at the audience in 90 minutes; children will barely be able to recognize them before they disappear forever. Moreover, such villains as the Lethargians are a thousand times more delightful than the vapid Rhyme and Reason, a pair gooey and artificial enough to have come directly from the top of a cake.

Still, in the epoch of the X-rated film, children's fare is rare indeed. The youthful viewer and his parents should over-

Plymouth Satellite:

"Plymouth Satellite is our choice for '71 U.S. Car of the Year," writes Road Test. "It pioneers in fact a concept that others have accepted in principle but not produced. The concept is that the two basic body styles (sedan and coupe) demand totally individual structural engineering and styling.

"The separate packaging of coupes and sedans originated within Plymouth. It was carried to completion without the usual compromises between concept and sheetmetal reality. '71 Satellite represents a basic step forward in modern automotive design..."



look *Phantom Tollbooth's* flaws and concentrate on the film's underlying moral. Discovery and delight do not come at the end of the trail, but along the way. The going is the goal.

■ Stefan Kanfer

Unfocused Wandering

Made on a microscopic budget by Actress Barbara Loden, who also appears in the title role, *Wanda* is precisely the kind of independent, deeply personal project that American film making badly needs. *Wanda* is at moments telling and moving, but unhappily it is unsuccessful overall. It lacks a point of dramatic focus and a forcefulness that would have made it into a memorable character study in cameo.

The fault seems to be primarily one of conception. *Wanda*, in Miss Loden's characterization, is a little like Fellini's *Cabiria*. She is used, victimized and deserted by men in a series of bitter, occasionally funny vignettes. But in Fellini's exquisite parable, *Cabiria's* tragic flaw was her humanity and innocence; *Wanda* can blame her woes only on what very often seems like stupidity, a trait readily conducive to personal, but not dramatic tragedy.

Miss Loden manages at times to make the heart ache for *Wanda's* rootlessness and empty-headed plight. As a director, she captures the ambience of small-time roadhouses with compelling accuracy; she manages through some clever location photography (done in and around

the Pennsylvania coal-mining country) to convey an almost overwhelming sense of lingering desperation. Her debut as a director, despite its flaws, is both welcome and promising.

■ Jay Cocks

North Toward Homicide

Get Carter is a doggedly nasty piece of business made in blatant but inept imitation of *Point Blank*. While the violence in *Point Blank* defines some surreal and chilling points about the savagery of contemporary urban life, the mayhem in *Get Carter* is a gruesome and almost pornographic visual obsession. Fledgling Director Mike Hodges clearly hoped to put together a jazzy paean to the classic detective story; the film's protagonist, in fact, is shown in a couple of scenes poring over a copy of Raymond Chandler's *Farewell, My Lovely*. But Hodges seems to have learned more from Mickey Spillane.

The plot is insanely complex, but has generally to do with a kinky London hood named Carter (Michael Caine) who returns home to the north of England to arrange his murdered brother's funeral. In this case, that means maiming, murdering or brutalizing what seems like half the population of Newcastle—a process Hodges shows in elaborate and gory detail. Against such competition, one or two good things tend to get lost: a first-rate, glacial performance by Caine, and the brooding, striking photography of Wolfgang Sus-



CAINE FLOORS ENEMY IN "GET CARTER"
Welding Spillane to Chandler.

chitsky. Neither Hodges nor anyone else connected with the film seems to have understood that Chandler's private eye, Philip Marlowe, is really a knight. Carter, like Spillane's Mike Hammer, is a homicidal knave, and in dealing with him the film takes on the very qualities it is trying to portray. It wallows in its ceaseless bloodbath and emerges like its protagonist—sleazy and second-rate.

■ J.C.

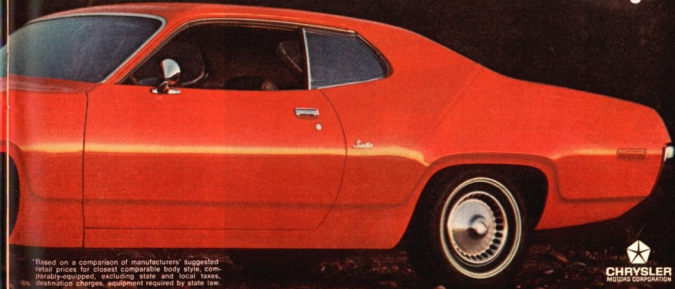
"U.S. Car of the Year."—Road Test magazine.

Other benefits cited: "A Satellite coupe gives 1.8" more leg room in the rear than a comparable Chevelle and the gain in one sedan over the other is .8" . . . Though the differences may not seem great, they can spell the difference between comfort and discomfort."

Satellite is America's lowest-priced 2-door intermediate.* Which helps to make the "Car of the Year" the buy of the year, too.



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"The silver glint of Bach's trumpets...the brittle twang of Couperin's harpsichords...the

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The Baroque Era

"The Baroque Era" album includes the equivalent of two full-length concert programs of: Bach (*Toccata and Fugue in D Minor, Brandenburg Concerto No. 2*, selections from the "St. Matthew Passion"); Handel (*"The Water Music," selections from "Messiah"*); Scarlatti (sonatas for harpsichord); Corelli (Christmas Concerto); Vivaldi (Concerto for 4 Harpsichords, Concerto in D Major for Flute); Purcell (*Theater Music and Songs*); Telemann (Concerto for 3 Oboes and 3 Violins); Couperin (harpsichord pieces); Rameau (*Gavotte Variée*).

Among the orchestras are: The Bath Festival Orchestra, conducted by Menahem conducting; The Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus, Otto Klemperer conducting; The Moscow Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Barshai; The Virtuosi di Roma, conducted by Renato Fasano. And the featured soloists include, among others: Victoria de los Angeles, Nicolai Gedda, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf.

Music authority Frederic V. Grunfeld has written the companion book. It includes full-color reproductions of paintings by Rubens, Velazquez, Caravaggio, Vermeer, Hogarth...rare photographs of art objects, Baroque churches and palaces...specially commissioned diagrams and charts...an incomparable four-page section on the musical instruments of the age.

"The Baroque Era" also contains a delightful three-part dividend: a monograph on music's role in Western civilization by Henry Anatole Grunwald, managing editor of *Time* magazine; a fascinating essay by the eminent cultural historian Jacques Barzun on "The Art and Pleasure of Listening"; plus a useful guide, "Getting the Most Out of High Fidelity." A *Listener's Guide* is also included.

sultry warbling of Telemann's oboes...the velvet throatiness of Purcell's violins."



ered so "modern" by today's knowledgeable music lovers. You'll thrill to compositions by Bach, Handel, Vivaldi, Telemann, Purcell, Scarlatti, Corelli, Couperin and Rameau—performed by orchestras such as The Moscow Chamber Orchestra, The Bath Festival Orchestra, The Virtuosi di Roma and The Philharmonia Orchestra, and internationally acclaimed artists such as Yehudi Menuhin, Nicolai Gedda, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Victoria de los Angeles, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Otto Klemperer.

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In the pages of the book that accompanies "The Baroque Era," you will live the era of splendid pageantry and pomp that was the Baroque. You'll share the pleasures of an age when kings and queens had their own court musicians and composers to create diverting music for great balls and intimate drawing-room parties—when grand concerts in the elegant opera houses of London, Paris and Vienna drew glittering audiences of lords and ladies.

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BOOKS

Algonquin Legend

MF by Anthony Burgess. 242 pages. Knopf. \$5.95.

The epigraph for John Anthony Burgess Wilson's new novel is taken from a stage direction in *Much Ado About Nothing*: "Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio and Jacke Wilson." It is appropriate because there is nothing in the field of fiction this Jack Wilson does not do. His prodigious career has already accounted for 15 novels, five books of criticism, hundreds of reviews and essays, all published since 1956, when Burgess was 39.

Though he is one of the nimblest critics alive, it is the novels that really evoke awe. This British Nabokov, out with his literary butterfly net—is there an idea on the wind that he can't ensnare and turn into a jaunty, funny, shocking piece of fiction? There have already been the international spy thriller (*Tremor of Intent*), the scatological novel (*Enderby*), the population-explosion novel (*The Wanting Seed*), the Third World satire (*Devil of a State*), the historical novel (*Nothing Like the Sun*), and the futuristic novel (*A Clockwork Orange*). Now comes *MF*, the biggest send-up of them all, on Claude Lévi-Strauss's intellectually fashionable structural anthropology.

Lévi-Strauss's theory is that, appearances notwithstanding, the war-painted Indian and the nuclear physicist are as similar as fraternal twins: the human intellect has been operating in the same fundamental pattern since the dawn of society.

Such notions are the stuff that paradox is made of—true grist for the comic novelist. In *MF*, Burgess takes off from a Lévi-Strauss contention that a universal connection exists between answering conundrums and committing incest. According to this view, it was not by chance that Oedipus' unwitting incest occurred after he solved the riddle of the Sphinx. Among the Algonquin and Iroquois tribes, there is a legend of brother-and-sister love in which riddles are posed by talking owls. In a 1967 essay, Burgess marvels at this transcendental yoking. In *MF*, the old Algonquin yarn is the mother of one of his richest comic inventions.

The story tells the plight of Miles Faber, a wealthy young pedant who is determined to visit the Caribbean island of Castita in order to discover facts about a totally unsung native poet named Sib Legeru. His innocent search soon plunges him into confrontations with menacing strangers who demand answers to fantastic questions instead of replying to Miles' simple ones. Worse, he learns that not only is he the child of an incestuous union but that he also has both a sister and a double on the

island. Murder and mayhem follow with appropriate speed.

Burgess leaves a plethora of clues as to his abstruse purposes—most of them in multilingual hints and guesses. The story starts in Manhattan's Algonquin Hotel. The man who encouraged Miles' interest in Sib Legeru, for instance, is one Professor Keteki—Sanskrit for riddle. While killing time with TV in his hotel room, Miles watches an old movie with *Death and Transfiguration* (by Richard Strauss) on the sound track.

One could go on and on. The business of the birds asking perilous questions is carried out by making Miles' double's



ANTHONY BURGESS
Out with a butterfly net.

mother a circus performer whose aviary of trained birds includes Iris, Angus, Charles, Pamela, John, Penelope, Brigid, Anthony, Muriel, Mary, Norman, Saul, Philip and Ivy—all named, it would appear, for modern novelists.

Even for readers who have never read Lévi-Strauss and think Algonquin legends are about Dorothy Parker, *MF* still works as a comic novel. It is not Burgess's best book because it is rather too schematic. The effort of dragging his mythic story into the 20th century has left the author with too little chance to flesh out his hero. Burgess is better remembered for characters like Enderby—decent, quirky men weathering the infirmities of the body and the indignities of the soul with awkward gallantry. By contrast, Miles Faber is a disappointment—nutty, knowledgeable, but finally a shadow. Still, the book shows Burgess's comic technique at its most wizardly, and that is enough to make *MF* one of the season's funnier novels.

It is a well-known story that Anthony Burgess began writing in earnest in 1959, when a doctor in Malaya told him he had a brain tumor and barely a year to live. In order to leave his ailing wife some kind of security, he returned to England and wrote five novels in one year. There was no tumor, but even after he heard the good news, Burgess never stopped working—or moving around. Disgusted by high taxes and public indifference, he left London after his wife died, continued his hectic pace in Malta, Rome, and this year Princeton.

Burgess originally planned to be a composer. He is now halfway through writing music and lyrics for a musical version of *Ulysses*. He could not resist, either, printing in *MF* the music Miles hears in Castita—the same tune, successively done as a ballad, an anthem and a wedding march. He has completed two movie scripts and is itching to get behind a camera. "So much to learn," he mutters dejectedly, but he is investing in movie-tape equipment, and heaven knows who or what will be shot on the playing fields of Princeton.

Surprisingly, Princeton has not proved a congenial place to work. Students are slothful and in search of a father figure, he says. Parents are—well—parental. (One frantic couple from Detroit beseeched Burgess to convince their son that he must relinquish his dream of becoming a poet and join the family business.) Burgess and his new young wife, a linguist named Liana, sublet sight unseen a tiny faculty apartment from a large Chinese family, which left them a vast quantity of chopsticks but no flatware—and little place to write. Also, Burgess loathes snow. "It petrifies me," he complains. "It's unalive, the negation of everything. I'll take rain every day of the year if I can just have a little green."

Snow or not, room or not, Burgess tries to write at least 1,000 words a day. His deepest regret is that he is already 54; he has at least 20 ideas for novels. Among them is a story about a Maugham-like novelist writing a book about a wicked Pope who ruined the church. The wicked Pope is, of all people, John XXIII. Burgess, who comes of a North England family that has been Catholic for centuries, regards John as a historic disaster. An outspoken anticommunist, he thinks John's popularizing destroyed "the intellectual integrity and dignity of the church."

Like many novelists, Burgess keeps tabs on his colleagues. Unlike many of them, he is notably generous in his judgments. He admits to wishing that he had written *Pierpol's Complaint* and almost everything of Nabokov's. He dotes on Peter De Vries and finds Updike and Vidal "elegant" writers.

Next year he will probably live in

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HUNGER IS ALL SHE HAS EVER KNOWN

■ Martha Duffy

The I of the Beholder

THE IMPERIAL SELF by Quentin Anderson. 274 pages. Knopf. \$7.95.

The American writer, poor chap, gets blamed for all sorts of mischief from corrupting grammar to corrupting minors. But the decline and fall of the republic has seldom been laid at his study door. Nobody has flattered a man of letters by calling him a major danger to the state since the time during World War II when Archibald MacLeish, Van Wyck Brooks and others accused T.S. Eliot & Co. of demoralizing the fighters for democracy by having scribbled so depressingly about the "Waste Land" 20 years before.

But now here is Quentin Anderson, professor of English at Columbia, patrolling American literature with a new set of Wanted posters for an even more heinous offense. Citing it as a "creeping apocalypse," Anderson points to the crime of the century: the hundred-year collapse of America's "communal ties." And he knows who did it. For undermining "the authenticating offices of the family and society" and putting a wobble in America's "sense of direction since the mid-nineteenth century," Wanted, Dead or Alive: Ralph Waldo Emerson, Walt Whitman and Henry James.

How exactly was the crime committed? By enshrining the transcendental ego, the "imperial self." The three culprits substituted I for we as the national pronoun, making the concept of community "almost un-American."

Emerson masterminded the "beginning of the dissolution of society." With him, "society was not spurned; it was judged irrelevant." As the ultimate Protestant, Emerson liked to boast that "a great man should occupy the whole space between God and the mob."

If Emerson was in love with the vibrations of his soul, says Anderson, Whitman was even more narrowly self-concerned: he was in love with the smell of his armpits. Whitman swallowed cities, rivers, people in a sort of king-cannibal self. The firmament existed only to serve as his drum.

After roasting the proudly remote metaphysics of Emerson's essay *Self-Reliance*, after deploring the enchanted navel gazing of Whitman's *Song of Myself*, Professor Anderson confronts James' *The Golden Bowl*. The Jacobin crime, as he draws it up, was to take

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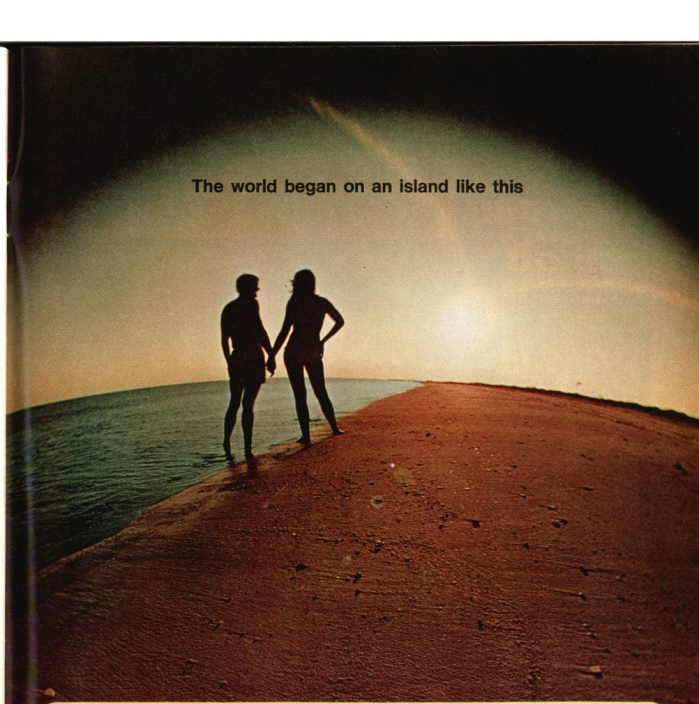
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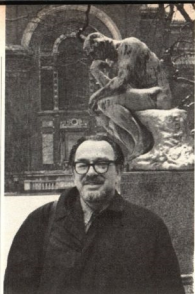
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QUENTIN ANDERSON
Creeping apocalypse.

European culture, abstract it, then re-construct the abstraction as a kind of kingdom in the novelist's mind, with Mad Henry as its tyrant.

The book's case against James seems the angriest and least clear. Anderson's debatable point is that as an arch-"imperial-self novelist" James made the artist more important than his real subject: life. Anderson gets even grouchy when dealing with his fellow critics, who have been "emotional collaborators" in all this madness. "It is a well-kept secret essential to understanding the cultural moment," he writes bitterly, "that those over thirty who are occupied with literature believe works of art to be more real than life."

Anderson's detailed readings can be brilliant, as in his exposition of Whitman's "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry." But for a man who keeps demanding context and more context, he seems remarkably provincial. He acts as if the disintegration of "communal ties" were a problem invented by 19th century America. He is guilty of a crime of his own: thesis protecting. He neglects to point out that Emerson's "imperial self" was bred, after all, with the help of German philosophy. Every Zen trendier can spot for himself the Oriental mysticism in Whitman, but as far as Anderson is concerned, it all comes f.o.b. Brooklyn and New Jersey.

A framework is missing. Anderson's reader will never know that Marx popularized the word alienation; that Freud supplied most of the vocabulary Anderson must use to discuss the "imperial self" in the first place. The last poet unaffected by an "imperial self" was a medieval troubadour, the last philosopher, Thomas Aquinas. Would Anderson blame Stendhal's *The Red and the Black* for the disintegration of "communal ties" in Europe?

The self as a problem, if not a disease, is at least as old as the Renaissance. One deplores with Anderson that "we have fallen out of love with

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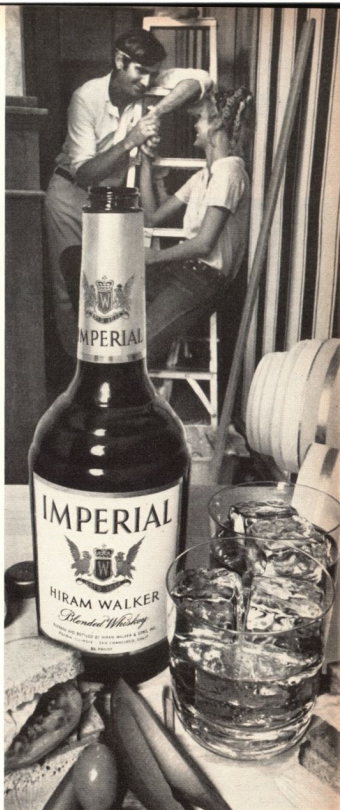
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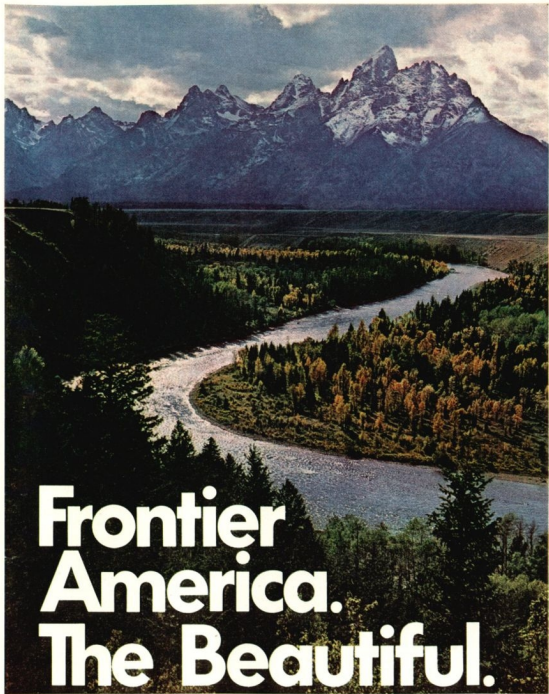
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society on this continent." But it is only another form of self-obsession to put the blame on a three-headed monster ego named Waldo Whitman James.

■ Melvin Maddocks

Talk of the Nation

U.S. JOURNAL by Calvin Trillin. 314 pages. Dutton. \$6.50.

On Armed Forces Day 1959, Calvin Trillin and 20 other men of the First United States Army descended by helicopter on Governors Island, then an administrative Army base in New York harbor. In a mock assault they liberated an incinerator from a contingent of computer clerks. Practically under the skirts of the Statue of Liberty, and with the Lebanon crisis undoubtedly fresh in his memory, Trillin fired blanks from his machine gun for the entertainment of officers and visiting Boy Scouts.

Trillin relates his Army story as humorous counterpoint to his deadpan account of a violent peace demonstration that took place just outside Fort Dix, N.J., on Armed Forces Day 1970. Between the public relations game of a peacetime Army and the pitched battles of war-sick civilians, a decade of change is neatly revealed. Nothing cosmic, only a clear, courteous reminder of how much things have changed.

Throughout *U.S. Journal*, a collection of Trillin's *New Yorker* pieces, the author reportedly lands like a benign ordering presence—deus ex-machine gunner—amidst chaos, humbug and hoopla. Covering a great deal of ground, he is naturally sympathetic toward other traveling men. He writes about a Dow Chemical recruiter who in 1968 had to go from campus to campus, removing his shoes to step over antiwar demonstrators, and try to answer such polite undergraduate questions as, "I was won-

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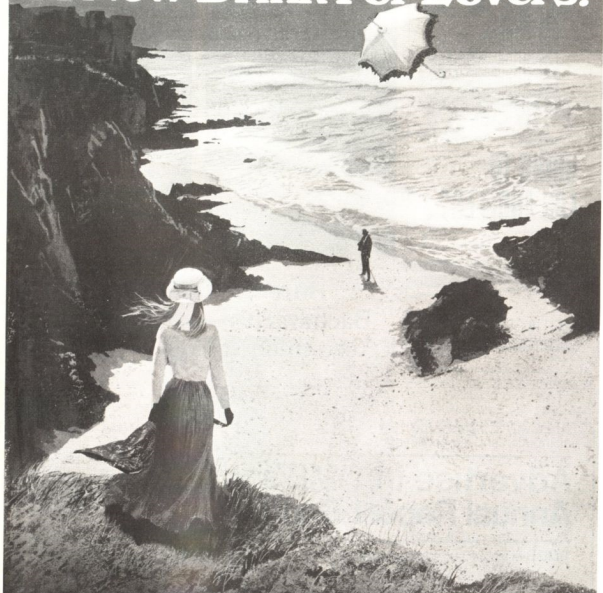


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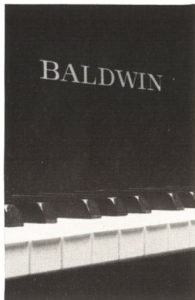


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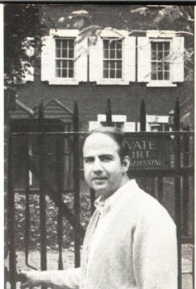
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CALVIN TRILLIN
Neat revelation.

dering if a Dow employee could be prosecuted as a war criminal ten or 15 years from now?" Elsewhere, Trillin tags along on the exhibit and lecture circuit with 375-lb. Paul Anderson, the "world's strongest man," a Christian patriot who pulls off the highway now and then to write anti-Communist verse.

In New Orleans, Trillin probes anti-Semitism at the Mardi Gras, an event which, he also notes, is the homosexual's Harvard-Yale game. In Arkansas, he looks into aging Gerald L.K. Smith's religious real-estate schemes that include an Oberammergau in the Ozarks. In Atlanta, examining Governor Lester Maddox's "New Morality," Trillin records a Maddox Christmas message in which the former restaurateur noted, "There will be more automobiles, more shoes, more record-players, more television sets, more ties, more shirts, more dresses, more cosmetics, more watches and diamonds sold in the name of Christ this year than any other name."

An equally strong interest in the less sacred aspects of American commerce takes Trillin to the Fifth Annual Paul Bunyan Snowmobile Derby in Brainerd, Minn., the auction stalls on Atlantic City's boardwalk, and a national U.S. Jaycee gathering in Phoenix, where the campaign for the presidency is only a little less elaborate than the Democratic and Republican conventions. (The successful candidate gets to spend a year living at the Jaycee's White House in Tulsa, and his wife is often referred to as the First Lady.)

Wherever he goes, Trillin resists the temptation to put his pulse on the finger of the nation. There is never any doubt about where his sympathies lie but, like his late colleague, *The New Yorker's* A.J. Liebling, Trillin exhibits great technical control and a quiet passion for fairness and precision. He is, to use a phrase that Liebling reserved for high praise, "a careful writer."

■R.Z. Sheppard



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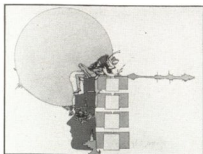


Robert Chase, Peter Max and Merrill Chase planning their current exhibit.

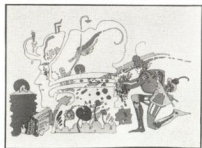
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